BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1947

ARTHUR MILLS
FERDINAND TUOHY
JANE GORDON
FRANK LANE
VINCE KELLY

1/6

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

HOMEPRIDE....

The hearth is swept now and the soft lamp lit,
The wide world narrows to a smaller space,
A calmer, kindlier, more familiar place;
And all you cherish is contained in it.

Here is the table spread, the restful chair;
And linen, snowy, crisp, and set with pride –
Lustrous and lovely, radiant as a bride –
Time-honoured symbol of housewifely care!

Bright as a cloud that rises in the blue,
Or as the blue sea breaking into foam,
It holds a simple secret of sweet home –
One that your mother and her mother knew.

RECKITT'S BLUE in the final rinse keeps your linen a good colour.

L671

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 34, No. 3 MARCH, 1947

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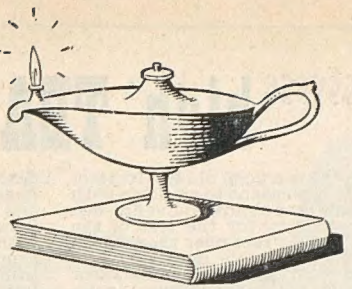
All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 76. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.



"In the present state of medical knowledge . . ."

Although medical science is continually learning new truths and developing old ones, one health rule remains rock-steady through all new discoveries. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein if they are to withstand the strain of these harassing days. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' are organic phosphorus and protein chemically combined. Supplies are still limited and are being distributed as fairly as possible.

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Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE TONIC

In one size only at present—
6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).

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It's good to see 'Golden Shred' again!

The World's Best Marmalade

JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Paisley, Manchester, Bristol, London

high TEA time

High tea is a good old institution, and it is pleasant to sit down with the family and know you've finished with cooking for the rest of the day. Just a reminder though—do see that there is one item like salad sandwiches, green salad or watercress. You need your "something green and raw" every day, and you can introduce it conveniently and appetisingly at tea time. All recipes below have been kitchen tested:

WELSH SPREAD

(For 4). *8 level tablespoons fine breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons milk (fresh or reconstituted household), ½ level teaspoon made mustard, ¼ to ½ level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, 4 level tablespoons grated cheese, ½ oz. margarine, 4 slices toast.*

Soak breadcrumbs in the milk, add mustard, salt, pepper and half the cheese. Melt margarine in a saucepan and cook mixture gently till hot and well blended. Spread on the toast, sprinkle the rest of cheese on top. Brown under grill. Serve hot with salad. *N.B.* 1½ oz. stale bread or crusts, soaked and squeezed, can be used instead of breadcrumbs.

DATE SLICES

2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. syrup, ½ teaspoon almond essence, 3 oz. chopped dates, 4 oz. barley kernels or flakes, 2 oz. self-raising flour (or 2 oz. plain flour and 1 level teaspoon baking powder).

Melt margarine and syrup over gentle heat. Stir in essence and dates. Mix barley flakes with the flour and baking powder, if used, and stir into rest of ingredients. Spread mixture out on a greased tin with dampened fingers until it is smooth and about 1/3rd" thick. Bake in moderate oven for 20-25 minutes. Leave for a few minutes to set and while still warm, cut into fingers. Remove from tin when cold.

SHORTBREAD BISCUITS

2 oz. margarine, 3 oz. plain flour, 1 oz. sugar. Rub margarine into flour and sugar. Knead into a dough without adding any water. Roll out to about 1/8th" thick and cut into biscuits. Bake in a cool oven until pale brown.

CREAMED SARDINE PIE

(Serves 4). *3 level tablespoons flour, ½ pint milk and water, 1 level teaspoon salt, pinch of pepper, pinch of ground mace or nutmeg, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 can sardines in oil (4½ oz. size), 6 oz. short pastry, a little milk.*

Blend the flour with the milk, bring to the boil, stirring all the time and boil gently for 5 minutes. Add the seasoning, mace or nutmeg and vinegar. Mix well and beat in the sardines with the oil. Line a 6" flan ring or sandwich tin with half the pastry, add the mixture and cover with the remaining pastry. Brush the top with a little milk and bake in a hot oven for 25-30 minutes. Serve hot or cold with a green salad.

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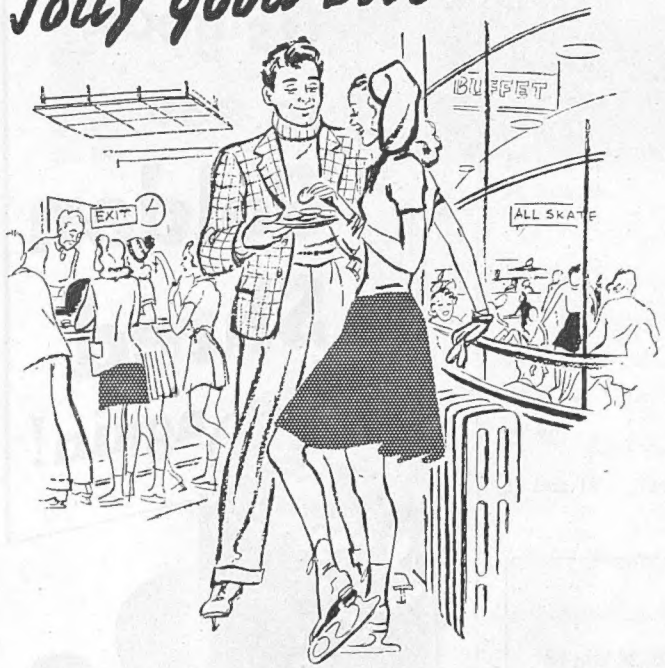

Fast work, this skating—and there's nothing slow about the appetite it creates for Weston's biscuits! Made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended to a nicety by Weston experts, they renew your energy in a very enjoyable way.

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FOR THE SMARTLY ATTIRED

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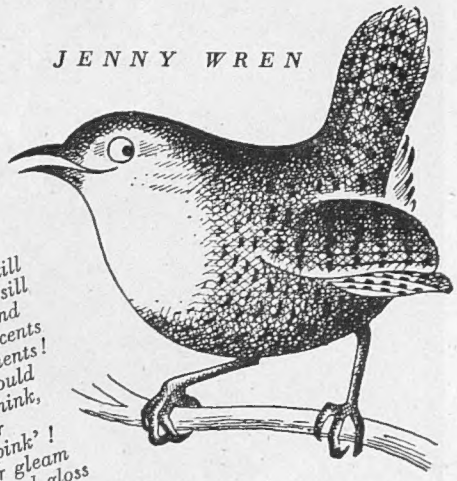
A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME!

JENNY WREN



I'm small and shy and frail,
but still
When I hop near a window-sill
I peep within, see creams and
scents
And Beauty's other ornaments!
Far more important, I should
think,
Her white teeth keep her
'in the pink'!
And she preserves their gleam
and gloss
By using stuff called Kolynos.
I'm just a Wren, without a tooth,
But 'little birds' oft tell the
truth!

Confidentially it's KOLYNOS
REGD.
FOR WHITER, BRIGHTER TEETH

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10·1/2
20·24

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(Balcony)
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OLYMPIA, LONDON
4th to 29th March 1947

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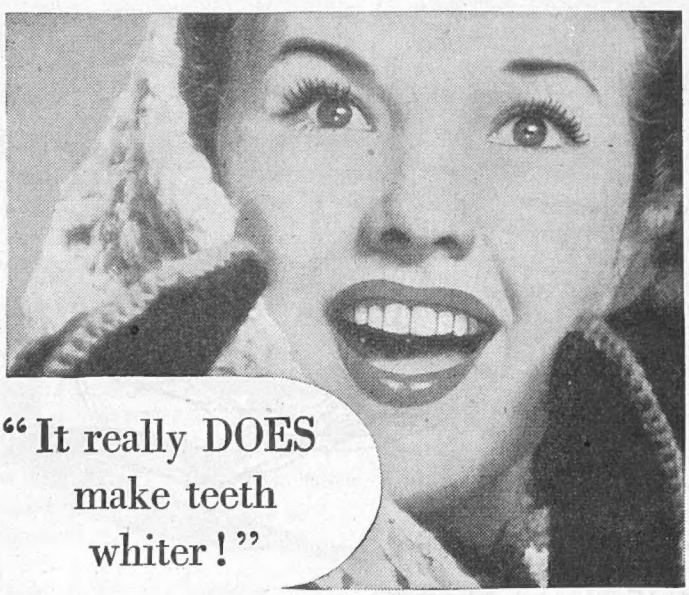

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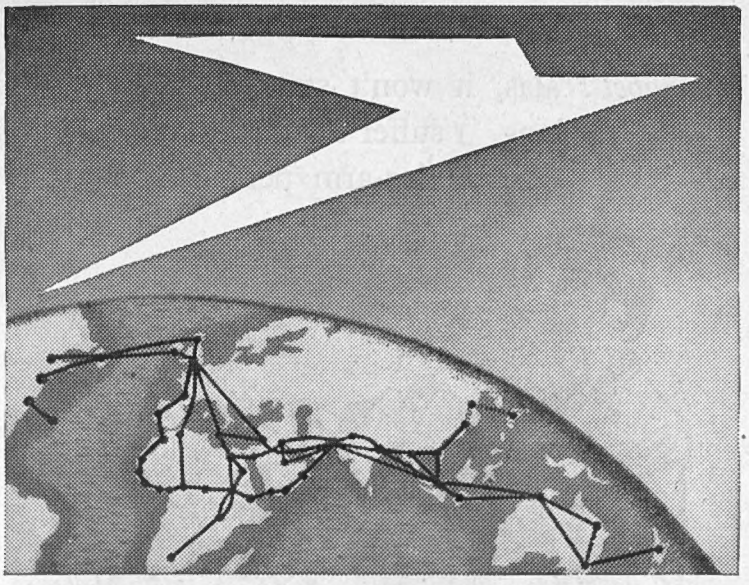
It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

PD124-96-80



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- The Speedbird is a route — 72,104 miles of routes, linking 5 continents across the world.
- The Speedbird is a plane — any aircraft operated by B.O.A.C.
- And, above all, the Speedbird symbolises an ideal — the determination to place B.O.A.C. ahead of the world's air lines and to keep it there by unceasing improvement.

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as fashion changes....

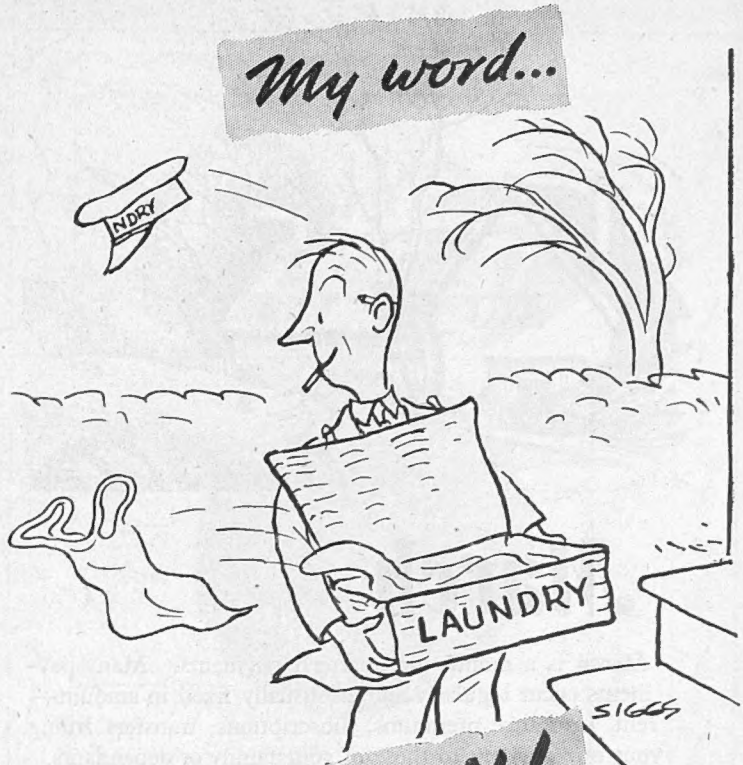
but her favourite cigarette
remains, invariably....

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD

NCC 632

My word...



MERIDIAN!

Underwear·Slumberwear·Knitwear

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invite you to their new
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in the Burlington Arcade where you
can see the whole range of
Gala Lipstick colours
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Table Salt Manufacturers

Cerebos

Salt perfection

March

March is a month for quarterly payments. Many payments occur regularly and are usually fixed in amount—rent, insurance premiums, subscriptions, transfers from your own account to those of your family or dependants. The Bank can save you the trouble of dealing with such payments and the inconvenience which follows if they are overlooked. It will do your 'remembering' for you. Every month the Midland Bank makes thousands of such payments, ranging in amount from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds, the customers' instructions being known as "standing orders".

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

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Just put one teaspoonful of *Milton* in a tumbler of water and bathe your under-arms every morning. It will keep you free from offence all day—and preserve the freshness of your clothes.

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is not the cheapest —it is the best.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

See the name HOWARDS on every tablet

HOWARDS

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Makers for 100 years of Howards' Tasteless Bicarbonate of Soda, etc.

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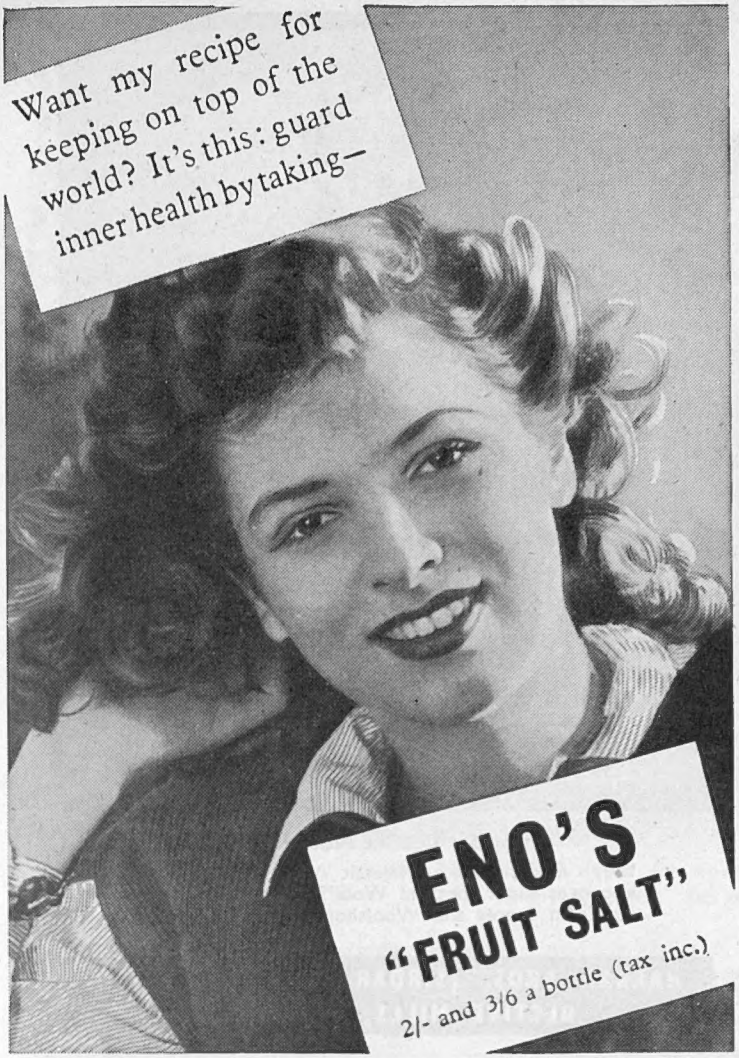
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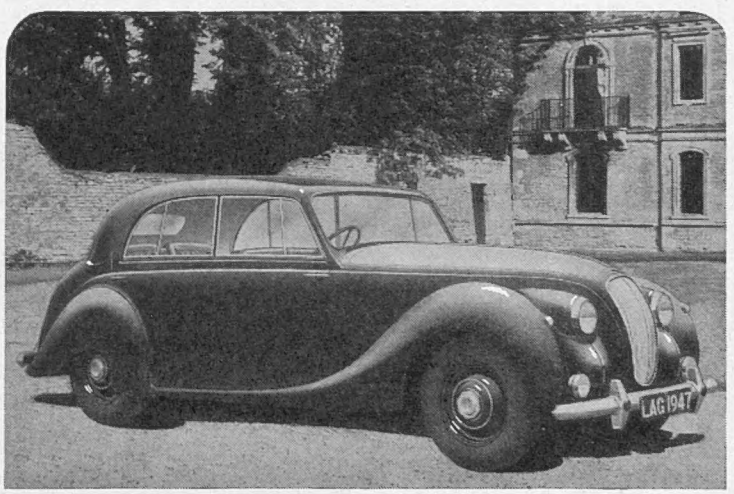

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This entirely new car gives superb riding comfort for 4/5 persons. Four-wheel fully independent springing. Maximum speed 90 m.p.h. Average petrol consumption over 20 m.p.g. Engine capacity 2580 c.c. Annual tax £26.

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the 2½ litre, Six Cylinder

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in the language of fashion?
It is the gesture of the hand-in-stocking
and it says in a flash, Aristoc,
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Aristoc

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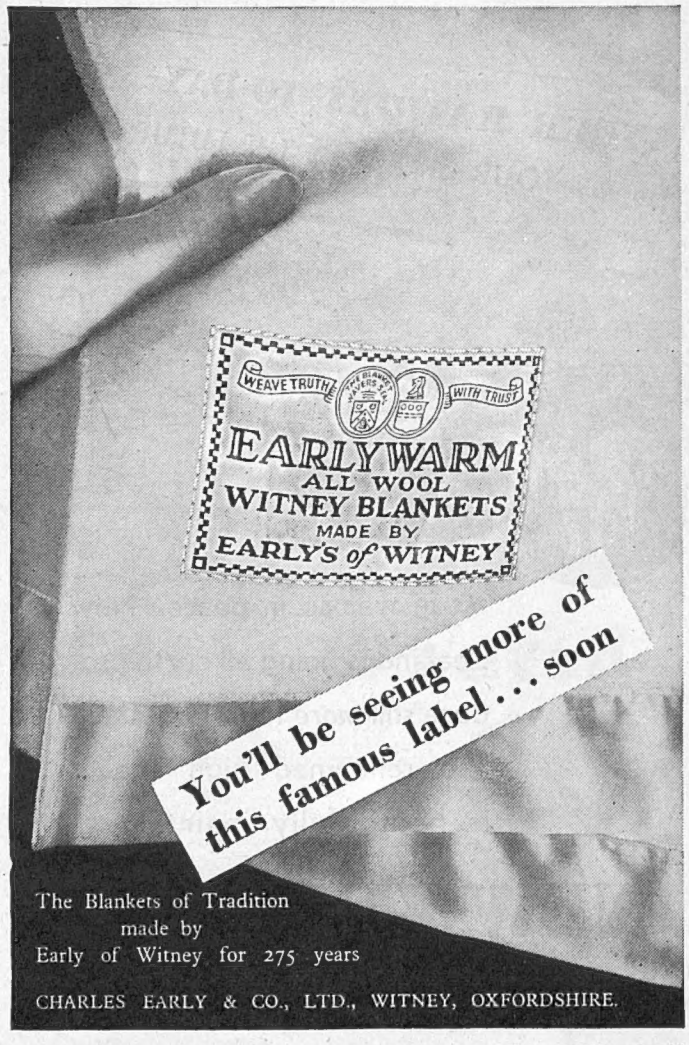


Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans watching a procession.

He slowed down for a cross-roads. "The moonlight is to the right," he said. "Which is your way?"

The Promise

A Short Story

By

Charles Lloyd Jones

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

IN 1939, with every day's news threatening war, Lalage's mother was old enough to remember what had happened to a lot of the last war's marriages, and young enough to be jealous of Lalage.

"You're nothing but a child," she said. "And you've only known Robert a couple of months."

"Mummie, we may only have a couple of months left. Robert's in the Territorials. We can face facts."

"I think it's most unwise."

Lalage's father was fond of her and enjoyed shocking his wife.

"My dear, your daughter is a darling, but a hussy. If you stop her getting married, she probably won't bother about not being married. That sometimes makes for unhappiness. She's right about facing facts. She's honest enough to get through."

So Lalage and Robert managed to have a few months of marriage before Robert was called up. They were happy in their love, but Lalage was afraid of bringing a child into a world at war.

"It's more than half-selfishness," she said to Robert. "I'd be a bit afraid for the baby. But I'd be scared stiff for me. Mind very much?"

"Not a bit. I've got you."

"And I've got you. It's a lousy world, but they can't take these months from us."

War came. Robert went away and Lalage went back to the drawing office where she had worked before. It was quite valuable war work, but it meant living with mother again to be near her work. Not to worry Robert, she never grumbled about it until it all came out when Robert was on embarkation leave. Robert laughed and said, "Darling, I'm almost glad you've got a stupid, interfering mother; it's taught you so much understanding."

"It's even taught me that until you come back you won't all belong to me. It'll be a long time. But I love you."

THEY were lying in a punt, deep in the beautiful invasion-threatened summer of 1940. They did not know where Robert was going, but the only armies Britain had out of the country at that time were a very long way away.

"And what about you, Baggage-darling?"

They were facing facts very conscientiously, determined not to cheat themselves with sentimentality.

"I don't expect either of us will do anything we wouldn't tell the other about."

They both laughed, and he kissed the tip of her nose.

"Darling, I will *not* sit on a captured tank in a glamourless desert and read your boastful letters about your boy-friends. I refuse to be told till I'm where I can get my own back."

"Please, I'm serious. I'm pretty fair-minded as women go. I don't believe that people who make, and demand, impossible promises are going to see this through as successfully as people like us. Either of us might shock mother. But neither of us would do anything cheap, or anything that could hurt our love, so long as we know we can tell each other afterwards."

"How long afterwards?" His eyes were laughing into hers, but his arm was close about her yielding body.

"Darling, you *are* fun! How long—so that there couldn't be any glamourless-desert-stuff and revengeful feelings? Five years?"

"I believe you're serious."

"Of course I am. If people could only laugh together over silly things they've both done."

"All right—I'll hold you to it. Five years after the beginning of each of our lurid adventures we confess."

"The end, don't you think?"

"No, Baggage. The beginning. It might still be going on, and if it had lasted five years it'd be about time to come clean."

"Brute! But I mean it. I shall tell you after five years. That's my heart's promise. It'll keep me sensible. And, darling, just round the corner there's a much better sheltered place."

"Now, how do you know that?"

Lalage wrinkled her delightful nose and pointed to the punt-pole. "Before I knew you. I'll tell you in—let's count—in three years and a month."

THE winter was horrible. Bombing, and loneliness, and bitter weather after Christmas. Lalage's mother treated her as if she had never married and had a home of her own. She interfered when she could, and even when she could not interfere she liked to know. "Who are you going out with this evening, dear?"—"What time will you be home?"—"I don't think you ought to go to London while this awful bombing is on."

Lalage worked, and played without much heart for it in approved company. There was a mixed club where she got the reputation for being great fun but disappointingly friendly. A lot of officers got introduced there, looking for fun and something warmer than friendliness. Often in her loneliness Lalage wished that she was going to have that baby after all.

She had agreed to spend an evening there with a man her mother approved of. It was snowing, and Lalage had had an uncomfortable afternoon with the dentist. Before the man had driven halfway to the club she realised that he was drunk. Not quite too drunk to drive, but enough to make her shrink away to her own side of the car.

"And that shows what a good judge of boy-friends mother is," she thought.

They quarrelled at dinner. After dinner the man got lost in the bar and Lalage drifted into a party who did not know her well enough to care what had happened. They were friendly people and Lalage's spirits would not let her show that she was miserable. Her youth and laughter and teasing eyes were putting up a very good show, when she noticed a naval officer watching her across the room. He looked amused and encouragingly sensible, and as if he did not mind being alone, watching the dancing, with his pint of beer. There was a hint of grey in his dark hair and an impressive number of gold stripes round his sleeves. He saw Lalage look at him and did not turn his eyes away. He did not smile or try to attract her. He looked into her eyes as if at a picture he enjoyed, not at a living, provoking woman.

Lalage wanted to be annoyed with him, but a happy naughtiness began to purr in her because he liked looking at her. She could not tell whether he knew how much she had noticed. His eyes gave nothing away when they met hers over her partner's shoulder, though she looked at him as impudently as she dared. Presently he carried his tankard into the bar and out of sight.

He came out again when the party Lalage had joined were all dancing and she was sitting alone. He came to her as if she were an old friend. No one in the room but Lalage would have understood the way he said: "Would you like to dance this—please?"

She smiled, half for amusement, half for pleasure at his tact. Almost any other man in the room would have got up obviously from his table and come to pick her up. She took up her bag. She guessed they would not go back to the party she had been sitting with.

She danced very easily with him. He did nothing clever or unexpected. It seemed natural to dance close to him. She was tall enough to look into his face by just tilting her nose up; and she knew it tilted prettily.

He said: "This is the happiest bit of luck."

"You'd not been dancing, had you? I hadn't seen you."

He laughed and called her bluff. "I'd only just come in."

"What very dishonest people we both are!"

The evening had turned into a game, played with a perfect partner who knew the rules. No sentimentality or earnestness.

Lalage was enjoying a tankard of Pimms and what he was doing to her other hand, when she thought of the snow and the man she had abandoned.

"I'm afraid I'll have to run for the last bus in five minutes."

"I'll drive you home. The car ought to start. I put a lamp in the bonnet."

So casual and friendly, quite unlike the men who pleaded or tried to be proprietary about taking her home. Yet suddenly she was afraid of letting him know where to find her again. What she was doing was nothing to do with her ordinary life. He had not even asked her name. She wanted to leave it like that.

"I don't think I could do that. I mean——"

"Don't be silly. You can't walk to the bus-stop in those shoes."

"All right."

Long before the last dance was ended she knew what his ideas were. But instinctively she trusted him. When she said "No," he would take it, and probably laugh at her, without spoiling the game. She was entertained and flattered, and she had been very lonely. He was younger than she had thought.

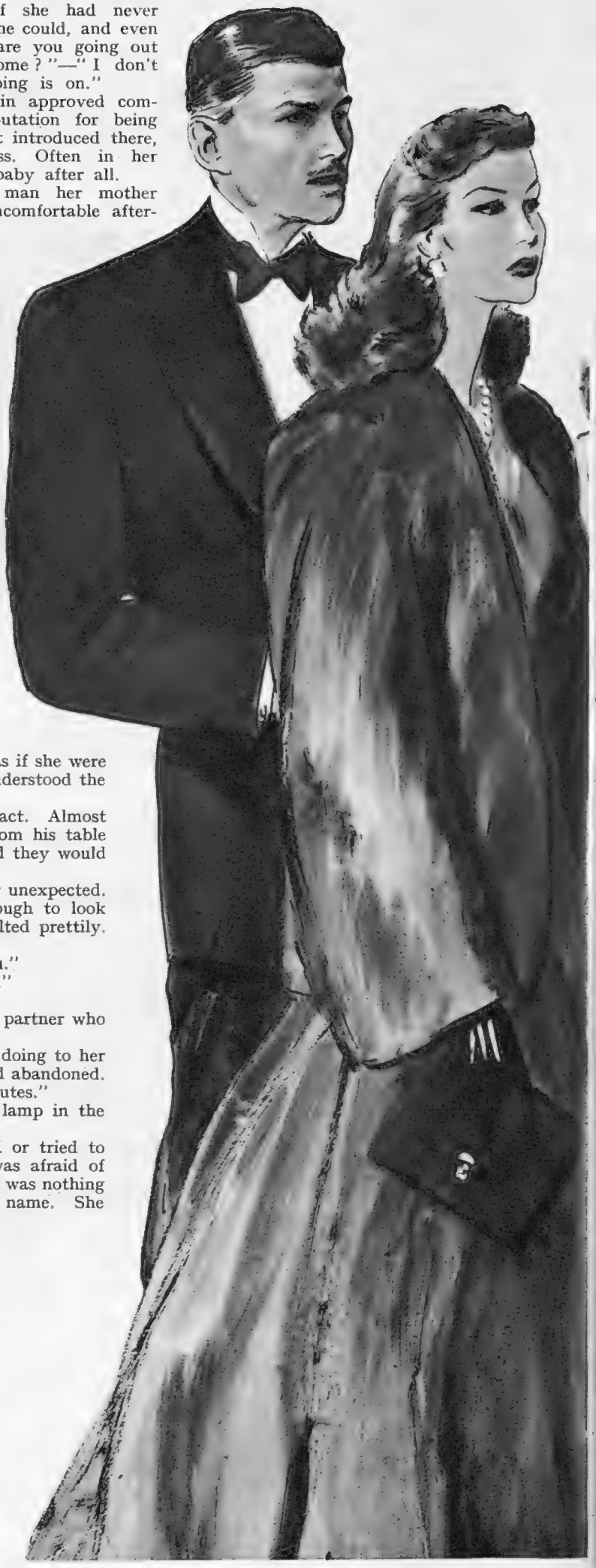
He grumbled: "They've got idiotic ideas about when a young man is too old for submarines. So they've fetched me home and stuck me on the beach doing research."

"Near here?" She wanted to know where.

"Quite handy." He did not tell her.

As they drove away from the club she said: "Do you want to be told where to go, or am I really being kidnapped?"

"I don't know yet. Lady choose, please. Shall we go to the top of a hill and look at the moonlight on the snow? Would like?"



She looked at his lean profile. "It sounds horribly cold on a hill-top. Are you married?"

"No."

"I am."

"You've been flaunting it at me all evening. *And* you're in love with your husband."

"Very much."

"Then we know where we are."

He slowed down for a cross-roads. "The moonlight is to the right," he said. "Which is your way?"

Lalage's road home was straight on and the independent brute didn't seem to care whether—"Right, please." Her own words startled her. This time she could not look at him. She looked out of her window. "It's beautiful, isn't it?" she said.

Stephen was with a handsome, dark woman wearing an engagement ring. Lalage felt herself go hollow. He stood up as they came near

Half an hour later the car was well sheltered nowhere near a hill-top. He looked close into her shining eyes and echoed her words, teasing her very gently: "It 's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Absolutely heavenly, darling. But the lady still says 'No.'"

"All right, precious. I 'm a scandalous person. But I never cheat."

"Oh, darling, you do understand?"

This time he kissed the tips of her fingers.

On the way home he said: "What 's your name, darling?"

"Lalage."

"Any other name?"

"No. What 's yours?"

"Stephen Trey. Got a telephone?"

"Yes. But you mustn't ring me up. Mother——"

"I know. The sad story of a misjudged girl's home life. It 's been a happy party, hasn't it?"

She put a hand lightly on his arm. "I think you 're the sweetest man I ever met."

"But you 'd rather never see me again?"

"I 'll probably run into you at the club some time."

"You 'll probably run us both into the ditch now if you go on doing such deliciously exciting things to the arm I 'm trying to steer the car with."

"Ungrateful pig-darling."

FOR three days she was afraid, yet hoped that he would telephone. He could find out at the club who she was. He could find his way to her home again. Perhaps after she had flirted with him and then run away he did not want to see her. But perhaps what he had said was beautifully true and he never cheated or made mothers suspicious by being impatient.

She had to go to the club four times in the next fortnight before she saw him again, and then she was with friends who were going to drive her home. She was disappointed, but half-glad. She had thought too much about him in the last fortnight, and dreamed, too, more adventurously than she dared think.

When she refused his offer of a lift, he only said, "Never mind. Come and have a drink before dinner one evening."

That sounded safe. "I 'd love it. But where? Honestly, I mustn't be seen with you."

"I 'll take care of that. I 'll have the car in that nice deserted street behind the car-park at six on—which day, darling?"

She danced a little closer to him. "You 're much too good at conspiracies, I think."

"This isn't a conspiracy, it 's a fairy-tale. It 's got nothing to do with your everyday life at all. It 's not really true except while you 're with me, and you can put the book back on the shelf whenever it gets boring."

"I think that 's what I needed. I 'd thought about it like that."

From that moment Lalage had no more scruples or fear. She would be able to tell Robert about it. It was fun, and it did not hurt her love for Robert at all.

Stephen kept his promise. He made no claims, and all their escapades were a lighthearted sharing of the joy she brought to them. His love-making gave her courage and laughter and peace. He managed everything very cleverly and their tracks were always well covered. He did not ask to meet her often enough to need (*Continued on page* 54)

"They 're dancing. She 's looking about sixteen and absurdly happy, and he 's looking absolutely noble. I don't think you 've hurt her so badly, after all."

On left: View of a street, Boulevard de Clichy, in the Montmartre quarter of Paris

Below: Pin-up-girl of the naughty nineties. A scene from the extravagant new floor show at the famous Bal Tabarin, popular Montmartre cabaret

Paris For Purity

There Is In France At Present A General Moral And Physical Improvement Drive

By Ferdinand Tuohy

NO mistaking the new assertion of puritanism that is abroad in Paris (it isn't a "new spirit" or a "wave" yet, anyway). I struck it almost immediately on leaving the Gare du Nord when one of those girls looked cautiously about her before cooing the hoary old "*bon soir, chéri.*"

Such a one never looked about her in times past, just sailed in brazenly. Now she has to heed a new law that forbids suggesting "by sign, by gesture, by word or by any other means in public places." No doubt in due course some improved type of walkie-talkie will enable the *demoiselle du trottoir* to hallo somebody on the other side of the street, but at present she has to watch her elocution, at least in the better lighted, cosmopolitan latitudes.

That same night I was in a favourite café in the Rue des Capucines, when the police interrupted and demanded the papers of all present. I had experienced this kind of thing before the war, though seldom. But there was a readiness to oblige authority that was entirely new, so much so, that I asked my old friend, the *Patron*, about it.

"But, my friend" (to compress a much longer tale), "these raids are now of common occurrence in the bars and cafés, cabarets and night boxes. My faith, they extend to the musikal and even to the smart theatres and restaurants. What are they looking for? Sin, monsieur, sin! How do the Americans say it? The clean-up! *Le nettoyage.* We imported the notion of their vice-squads while the Americans spread more vice in our country than any previous occupying army."

The *Patron* took a deep breath, then out came the steam: "*Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy!*"

"Are they still looking for collaborationists?"

"A little, but their chief game is the more impudent black marketeer, the fellows with criminal or illegal *combines* (racketeers), and those ladies and gentlemen of the *Milieu.* Of course you are informed of the closing of the tolerated houses? You have heard of the fabulous Marthe?

Yes, I told him, I roughly knew the set-up. But about this war on the *Milieu* (which, by the way, means men and women standing to gain by the moral looseness of others). It was no new thing but had never previously got anywhere, chiefly because a leavening of officialdom and the police was mixed up with those they pretended to extinguish. Did this new drive mean anything more than in the past?

"My friend," spaced the *Patron*, "get this."

He attended to clients, returned, resumed: "What there is that is new are the forces behind the campaign for purity. They are neither negligible nor laughable. They are the Communists, the M.R.P., and the Catholic Church. It is the only question over which extreme Left, Centre, and extreme Right see eye to eye. For if old reactionaries miss the former ease of their gallant rendezvous, they are careful to say nothing publicly."

NOW that was Paris talking, as no other city can. I was getting round a story without having to leave the place I'd come to just for old acquaintance. Before I left, the boss had me bellylaughing at some of the unexpected developments that have issued from the chase after purity; sheer joy they would have been for the author of (*Continued on page* 59)

Away From It All

THE Pied Piper is playing, the sirens are singing, the will o' the wisp is dancing—and more than a million people are already in the entranced queue lining up in this little island, eager to leave it, for ever.

They'd all be on their way already if there were ships or aeroplanes enough to take them out. Some of the more adventurous and impatient folk have been jumping out of the long queue and into almost anything that will get them out of

"This Eden, demi-Paradise. . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

One family set out in a thirty-foot sailing boat, and headed for the West Indies. Failing to make it, they were picked up in dire straits, dumped back whence they came, and charged with leaving England without going through the proper formalities. Another family, including the baby, climbed into father's little aeroplane, and flew over the width of Europe, the Mediterranean, and the length of Africa, and landed safely in their promised land on the southern toe.

Whole groups are piling into trucks and heading out of England as resolutely as Steinbeck's Joad family left the Oklahoma dust bowl and lit out along the concrete highway for the milk and honey of California; and some of them may find the going, not to mention the reception at the other end, equally tough. One party from Liverpool expected to reach Capetown by way of Marseilles, the North African highway running east, Egypt and the Sudan, at a total per-head cost of £65 for petrol and oil and the Mediterranean ferry, plus their food bill. Owing to misadventures and miscalculations, they found themselves in for £300 apiece by the time they bogged down half-way.

Other parties quarrelled—an old story with undisciplined expeditions when things go wrong—and split. Some of the segments got lost in the desert. Others struggled through and landed without money or their lorries—sold to pay for Nile transportation, and hotel bills—in mud huts on the edge of Khartoum, where H.M.'s Governor-General, Sir Hubert Huddleston, scratched his head over the new problem of adventurous British travellers stranded in his territory without visible means of support, and recorded this comment for posterity: "Something must be done about this."

THE larger proportion of these headlong migrants seem to come from the north, notoriously more adventurous than the south. But the south is participating, too. One party of seven headed by an ex-Chindit left Brighton in the autumn of 1946 with four trucks and a plan to trek to Johannesburg via Cairo. They left at different times, made rendezvous at Marseilles, ferried over to Algiers, and there separated, one group accepting local advice to cross the Sahara, and the rest keeping to the original plan to retrace the Eighth Army route, Benghazi-El Alamein-Cairo. One group consisted of husband and wife, their fifteen-year-old son, a twenty-five years old man friend, and a middle-aged legless Wokingham woman. Another was made up of a husband and his newly-wedded wife, the wife's mother, another husband and wife, a friend from Devon, and a woman journalist from London.

One way and another, there's been nothing like it since covered-wagon days.

The trekkers are pretty nearly a cross-section of the British community. Checking over a migrant-map, I find almost every craft and calling represented excepting the politician's and the bookmaker's. Even the dentists are departing. The Government of Queensland wanted thirty. Pay and conditions were not particularly attractive, no houses could be promised, it seemed difficult to see how the Queensland Government could entice a dozen good practitioners away from a country where dentists are in short supply, and have more work than they can handle. An advertisement was inserted and, lo! instead of getting a few responses from barely qualified youngsters, and men who were such poor dentists that they couldn't make a go of it even under existing scarcity conditions, there was a rush.

Claustrophobia Caused By The War Is The Main Urge Behind Part Of The Migratory Movement From Britain

By C. Patrick Thompson

The men in charge of the list could pick and choose. They could have filled the vacancies twice over, and then had a waiting list.

"Why should anyone want to leave England?" I put that question to a man who in 1938 I know was earning an uncertain £500 a year, in the estate agency business (his father had started him in the family stockbroking business, but it had folded in the 1937 crash). He grinned fatly. "Oh, boy! Why?"

His 1946 income was in the five-figure category. He sang a paean in praise of socialism and nationalization. Those two forces had driven up the values of everything in which he dealt—land, used houses, gambling, and pleasure enterprises. The proletarians were throwing their money away on dog-tracks and in football pools, and investors were scrambling for property and any other escape from Government IOUs yielding only 2½ per cent.

So England was his El Dorado. But that's not invariably a reason for staying. A veterinary surgeon I know is doing very well indeed. Yet he is migrating to Cuba with his wife just as soon as they can get passage. Sitting in the Savoy bar, with a "peasouper" outside, he raved to me about the climatic allurements of the southern country in which he plans to spend the rest of his life. With us was an English engineer back after six years spent mostly shuttling between Hawaii and San Francisco. He said to the vet.:

"You'll get sick of it after a year or two, my boy. I loved it at first, but six years was more than enough for me. Strikes, socialists, queues, rations—I know! But England's always England. You're dreaming now of a palm-shaded paradise, but this stinking London fog smells sweeter than jasmine to my nostrils.

"... *'tis joy enough and pride*
For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass
Of England once again."

The vet. laughed incredulously. Still, plenty of people have migrated just as eagerly, and returned just as joyously. A large proportion of migrants think they want to leave their native land for ever, when all they really want is to get away from it all for a spell, or to go into an economic shelter for a while.

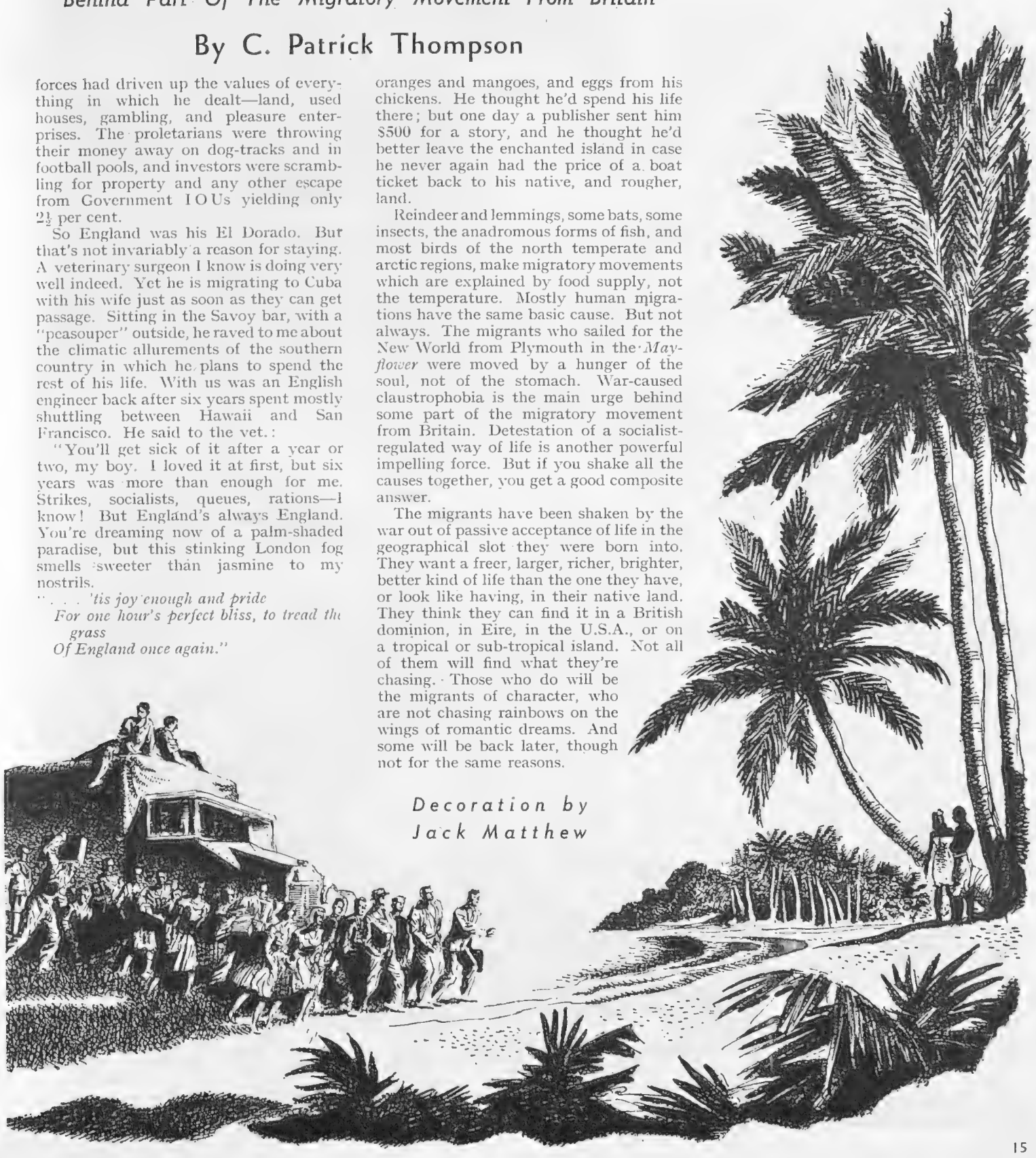
NORMAN (*Mutiny on the Bounty*) HALL, the writer, almost penniless, migrated to Tahiti after World War I. A Chinese market gardener rented him a shack and garden for £10 a year. He lived very well on hibiscus-fed land crabs, oranges and mangoes, and eggs from his chickens. He thought he'd spend his life there; but one day a publisher sent him $500 for a story, and he thought he'd better leave the enchanted island in case he never again had the price of a boat ticket back to his native, and rougher, land.

Reindeer and lemmings, some bats, some insects, the anadromous forms of fish, and most birds of the north temperate and arctic regions, make migratory movements which are explained by food supply, not the temperature. Mostly human migrations have the same basic cause. But not always. The migrants who sailed for the New World from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* were moved by a hunger of the soul, not of the stomach. War-caused claustrophobia is the main urge behind some part of the migratory movement from Britain. Detestation of a socialist-regulated way of life is another powerful impelling force. But if you shake all the causes together, you get a good composite answer.

The migrants have been shaken by the war out of passive acceptance of life in the geographical slot they were born into. They want a freer, larger, richer, brighter, better kind of life than the one they have, or look like having, in their native land. They think they can find it in a British dominion, in Eire, in the U.S.A., or on a tropical or sub-tropical island. Not all of them will find what they're chasing. Those who do will be the migrants of character, who are not chasing rainbows on the wings of romantic dreams. And some will be back later, though not for the same reasons.

THE late George Lansbury migrated from London's East End to Australia with his young wife, three small children, and £100. He got various town and city jobs—broke stones, worked in a slaughter-house, and on a farm—and finally landed a job in a parcel delivery business which looked like getting him somewhere. But his wife was miserable, his children ailed; and finally his wife's father sent out the money to bring them all home again to the East End. Possibly the trouble was that George was following the wrong track. It wasn't until he discovered the resources of emotional oratory that he succeeded in the land he had mistakenly left. (*Continued on page* 56)

Decoration by Jack Matthew



The Bristol Freighter arriving at La Guardia Airport, New York. This is Britain's "tramp ship of the air." This aircraft can carry six tons of freight which is loaded through the huge nose doors

"Tramps" Of The Air

By Arnold Wareing

IF you want a quick cure for postwar glooms, look in at one of our Air Charter companies. These "tramps" of the skies, these free-lances of flying, have their faces turned to the future, and know it. There's a drive, a zipp about them, from chairman to switchboard girl, which is infectious. Keen young pilots, well gonged in the late war, team with pioneering veterans like Sir Alan Cobham and Captain Gordon Olley, who achieved things in the flying-crate days that now seem prehistoric.

Apart from the thirty firms in the companies' association, there are probably another fifty operating. They range from Skyways, our largest, to a Scottish unit operating between the Faroes and Copenhagen *via* Prestwick and a Westminster one run mainly by M.P.s. They carry almost anything from bullion to racehorses, coffins to V.I.P.s.

They actually have no serious grumbles against Lord Nathan's Ministry of Civil Aviation. Ask them: Is the Ministry doing all it should? And they reply, virtually in chorus: "We find it very sympathetic and helpful." A body of energetic go-aheads actually pleased with the Government department controlling them. Think of that!

And here's something else to ponder: With all the unfortunate crashes in other services up to January, the charter companies had but one death—when a Halifax touched down in the sea off Belgium. Minor mishaps, forced landings—yes. The machine taking a stage party to Guernsey, for instance, which landed safely on a beach near Cherbourg. Troubles mostly due to weather or wireless snags beyond the pilot's control. But only one loss of life.

Concerning this, Charter Association secretary H. R. Gillman put an interesting point to me. "Charter machines," he said, "have this advantage—they don't have to leave at scheduled times, and can wait for the weather. We don't claim that every company is perfect, but they're giving a good service to the public, and we do say that a company with a good fleet and management and competent pilots can safely take people and goods to any part of the world, any time."

(*Continued on page* 60)

Checking the loading of gold in one of Skyway's Yorks. £13,500,000 worth was recently flown to a Balkan country for the Bank of England

Captain Ashley, managing director of Skyways and pilot of the chartered aircraft which flew the King of Greece and his staff back to his country, talking to the King before the journey

(On left) Just arrived from Persia, *Sky Courier*, one of Skyway's York aircraft disembarking passengers at a British airport

The central incident of this story is the volcanic explosion on Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, in August, 1883. The greater part of the island was blown away, and when the sea rushed into the crater, an enormous wave arose which devastated the low-lying shores of Java and Sumatra, with the loss of 36,000 lives

WHEN at last I turned my head, I saw that Mrs. Hartz was gazing at me with a queer, tense look, her eyelids fluttering like two white moths

Wrath Of God

By Howard James

I AM an old woman now, you understand. I am very old, and there are some in Lochaline who say that in my time I have been very wicked, too. Though more than fifty years have passed since I first came here, they still turn their heads when they see me on the road, or they look through me, as if I were not there. It is all because of Krakatoa, my little Java girl.

How it amuses me! I know what they are thinking, you see. I am become legendary to them, and to their children and their children's children, the Wicked Old Woman of Lochaline. I know how they speak amongst themselves, and how they will speak with you if you give them the meanest chance. They say that long, long ago I was the mistress of a rich Java sultan, but that after little Krakatoa was born to me, my reason left me, and the sultan sickened of me and packed me off to my native Kintyre. And they say that on the voyage home, Rory Wilson took pity on me because of my coloured baby, and married me, and brought me to live here in Lochaline.

It is lies, all lies. Yet I have never troubled to enlighten them. Why should I? They would not recognize the truth if they heard it. Krakatoa was delivered into my hands by a miracle, and I am alive because of a miracle, as my dear Rory, God rest his soul, well understood. Only now they say the age of miracles is dead: the old faith is vanished, and they no longer believe in the Lord's intervention. Yet there are some who know the truth about me and acknowledge it, like Mr. McLeish, the minister; and Beth Dunlop, whose father was a friend of Rory's when we settled here; and my own six bairns, middle-aged and far-scattered now, bless them all.

MY mother died when I was born, and my father took me to Australia when I was twelve months old. He is a ghostly memory to me, no more: I recall him as a coarse Scots voice, and coarse blue trousers, smelling of the earth. When I was ten, he went away to the goldfields, and never came back. I was brought up in an orphanage on Moreton Bay; and later, I went into domestic service at Brisbane.

It was there I met my Rory. He, too, was a Scot; a rough, unhandsome sailor man, who swore hard and sometimes drank hard, too. But he was a good man, a faithful, clean, straight-thinking man; and when I married him one winter morning in the little wooden chapel that used to stand hard by Bribie Island, he made me the happiest woman, and the proudest, in all Australia. Woman, did I say? Why, I was no more than a child then, sixteen years old and a bit.

I saw little enough of Rory in the next

two or three years. He was often away on some trading trip or other, and then he signed up on a steamer that used to run for the tea business between London and the China seas. He came down to see me only once after that; and I recollect how he brought me all his savings, forty pounds in all, and we planned that in a year or two he should take me home to Lochaline. He has little part in this story, yet I would wish it known he did not marry me from pity, but from the love he bore me, and this was long before he had seen little Krakatoa, or even heard of her, as my marriage lines can show.

My earnings in service were pitiably small even for those days—three shillings a week, I believe, with my uniform and keep. However, when I was nineteen, I took a better paid position as companion to a wealthy American lady. This was in the winter of 1883, and I recall the circumstances very clearly: Mrs. Hartz's advertisement tucked away on the back page of *The Record;* the care with which I dressed myself; the excitement in me when I presented myself at the doors of Tubb's Hotel.

It was Mr. Hartz who interviewed me, a rather shy, handsome, softly-spoken gentleman of about forty.

"My wife is dressing," he told me, rubbing his hands together. "She'll be down in a minute or two, I expect. Do you think you'll care for the situation?"

"I can't tell until I know something about it, sir," I said; and he laughed, amused at my directness.

"Oh, there's nothing much to it, I assure you! Mrs. Hartz wants somebody to talk to. To—to amuse her. She's left a good deal to herself, I'm afraid. I'm an archaeologist, you see—always out digging or delving into something! When we get back to Baltimore, I mean to write a book. But meanwhile, poor Mrs. Hartz gets very lonely. She needs company, she's apt to fret at being left so much to herself in these strange countries. We're going to Java very shortly. Would you like that?"

"Yes, sir, I think I should, so long as I can be back in Brisbane by the end of the year."

"Splendid!" he said. "I think you'll suit us very well."

PRESENTLY, Mrs. Hartz came into the room. She was a tall, elderly lady with greying hair, and a pair of piercing, heavy-lidded blue eyes. She smelt strongly of scent, and her fingers dripped with diamonds. Her long, thin lips twisted a little as she looked at me. Then she gave me a quick, friendly smile, and, dropping to a chair, told me about herself and her husband's work, and asked me some questions about myself.

"I'm sure she'll be very suitable," said Mr. Hartz. And Mrs. Hartz dropped her long, white lids.

"Isn't she rather young, George?"

"Yes, yes," he said, with a nervous gesture of his hands. "Isn't that what you want, my dear? I don't think it'll be possible to find a suitable elderly person, I really don't. She seems to be a very sensible young lady."

We talked the matter out between us, and at last it was decided I should start my employment with them on the following day. A day or two later, Mr. Hartz left for the Bulloo Creek to study some rock carvings that had recently been found there. He was away a fortnight, and in that time my life was amazingly easy and free of care. I had no real work to do; I did not even have to dust my room or make my own bed. My sole duty was in keeping Mrs. Hartz company, in talking with her to the best of my ability. She was kind and considerate; she could converse interestingly on many subjects, and was very skilled with her needle. In the afternoons, she would sometimes hire a carriage, and we would drive out into the country. In the evenings, we sat and talked, or I would read to her. Once she took me to a concert, the first I had ever been to in my life. It was very hard at times for me to realize myself in my new surroundings and altered ways of life.

WHEN Mr. Hartz returned to Brisbane, he immediately booked our passages on the *Modjokoto*, a steamer due to leave shortly for Batavia. He was a man of great energy once his mind was made up, and now he seemed anxious to press on with his researches, and to return to the United States as quickly as possible. Through a Dutch acquaintance he had already taken a short lease on a trader's bungalow to the west of Bantam on the Straits of Sunda, and he thought we should be very comfortable there. He had plans for a trip to an old temple at Borobodur in central Java, and he also proposed to visit the volcano on Krakatoa in the Straits, which had been in eruption on and off since May.

The *Modjokoto* was a cargo steamer with very limited passenger accommodation; and it was arranged that I should share a cabin with Mrs. Hartz, whilst Mr. Hartz berthed with one of the ship's officers. I cannot pretend this circumstance pleased me, for I was aware now and again of an urge to escape from her, despite her continued kindness and consideration for me. I cannot explain this feeling in me, nor do I know what caused it—unless it was her habit of looking at me with a queer, fluttering movement of her great white lids, as if she were watching me secretly, through a mask. I fancied, too, that she resented every moment of the day or night when I was not within her call. But she never spoke a hard word to me, and I could not complain, for she was paying me well to keep her company.

ONE evening when I returned from dinner I found a pencilled note scrawled on the page of a book I was reading, and which I had left face downwards on the seat of my wicker chair on the deck. It was in Mr. Hartz's handwriting. "Please come to the aft companion way after dinner." That was all. I did not know what to make of it, but I excused myself to Mrs. Hartz by saying I had a headache.

Mr. Hartz was waiting at the top of the companion stairs. He said in a relieved voice, as I came up: "I'm so glad you managed it. It's very kind of you to come."

I asked: "Why do you want to see me, sir? Why did you have to write a note?"

"I wanted to see you alone," he said. "I thought it best that Mrs. Hartz shouldn't know."

"I don't understand," I said.

He hesitated for a moment.

"It isn't easy to explain. But I feel I am to blame in not talking things over with you before this. At times, I am very worried about Mrs. Hartz. You get on well with her, don't you?"

"Very well," I said. "She's very kind."

"Yes. I think you're doing her a lot of good, you know. She's apt to brood if left to herself. Perhaps you have discovered for yourself that she's—she's—well, she's very possessive."

"Oh, I don't mind that," I answered, with a laugh.

"I'm sure you don't! But I want you to understand the position. She's a strange woman, a lonely woman. She can be very determined, too. As you must realize, she's a good deal older than I am. I think this fact sometimes preys on her mind."

For some moments I did not speak. He looked at me with friendly, troubled eyes. But still I could not understand him. I said at last: "Why should it prey on her mind? Do you mean that she's mad?"

"It wouldn't be fair to put it like that. But I've known her suffer from—from a sort of frenzy. That is what I want you to know. She talks wildly of God, of vengeance. She threatened to kill me once. I think she meant it, too."

"To kill you! Oh, but how absurd! Why should she want to kill you?"

He lifted his hands in a gesture.

"There is no reason, none at all. But she's very possessive, you understand, and she's conscious of her age. I brought her on this trip because I thought the

MY groping hands dropped on to a child's warm body. I dragged her out, she was only a baby and quite naked

change and the sea air would do her good. I'm sure it has done, too—that and your companionship. I think perhaps she's cured, but I feel it's only fair to explain the position to you."

"It's very kind of you," I said. "I'm quite sure there's nothing for you to worry about."

WE reached Batavia during the second week in August, and left immediately by road for Minoeng, where the bungalow was situated. It was a beautiful spot about a mile and a half from the sea, looking down on low-lying fields and native villages, which fringed the whole sea line from Anjor to the western extremity of the coast. Behind us, to the east, the ground rose starkly towards Bantam, and was covered with the lush green foliage of tropical trees and creepers. Looking westward from the bungalow veranda, the sea was carved into innumerable glassy fragments by the tapering foliage of the palms and the snake-like branches of the banians. And I remember well, when first I stood there, that I saw a curious smudge of coffee-coloured smoke, hanging above the horizon like the outstretched hand of a child.

"That's Krakatoa," remarked Mr. Hartz, who was standing between his wife and me. "She's in full blast again. Just listen." Then there came to us on the still, warm air a deep, deep sound, not exactly like thunder, but as of an enormous drum beaten far away, in the bowels of the earth. I shivered; I could not help it. There was something uneerie and threatening in the sound, as if an underground monster were stirring in its sleep.

"Surely you won't go there?" I said.

"Oh, but why not? It's only a small island, one of a tiny, isolated group, a few miles off the coast. It's safe enough, I'm told—in fact, quite a number of people have been out from Batavia to see it recently. It's not really my line of business, but I should be sorry to miss the opportunity of viewing it at close quarters."

"But that noise! It's horrible!"

"Well, then—forget it!" he replied, smiling. "You'll find plenty here to interest you besides that. Won't she, Elizabeth?"

Mrs. Hartz turned with a ripple of laughter.

"Will she? I don't know, I'm sure! But there, she's behaving like a child. What is there to be afraid of?"

I was behaving like a child. That was true, I knew. But I could not help it. The rumbling of Krakatoa filled me with an indefinable dread. It was a noise like no other noise in the world; it seemed to shoot invisible claws into the air about me, and set it quivering with menace. In the week that followed, it always came on me unexpectedly, after a lapse of many hours, and sometimes of days. Always I heard it with a sense of shock and foreboding. Yet the distant blob of cloud that marked the position of Krakatoa across the sea exerted an odd fascination on me, and my eyes were continually drawn to its every changing shade and colours. In the mornings, it was dark and slender, spread like the talons of a bird. In the afternoons, it lightened and lengthened, and took on the shape of a human hand. In the evenings, in the last quick rush of sunlight, it seemed to shrink, hanging rosily between sea and sky, like a bud coming into bloom.

After Mr. Hartz had left on his long trip to Borobodur, we spent most of our days on the bungalow veranda. Mrs. Hartz (*Continued on page* 62)

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

They Had Their Lotteries

By John Williams

EVERY week during the football season millions of people are risking a few pence in the hope of winning a fortune. The fascination of easy riches has never been stronger, though nowadays it lacks the official encouragement it enjoyed when the State ran its own lotteries, regularly handing out £500,000 in prizes.

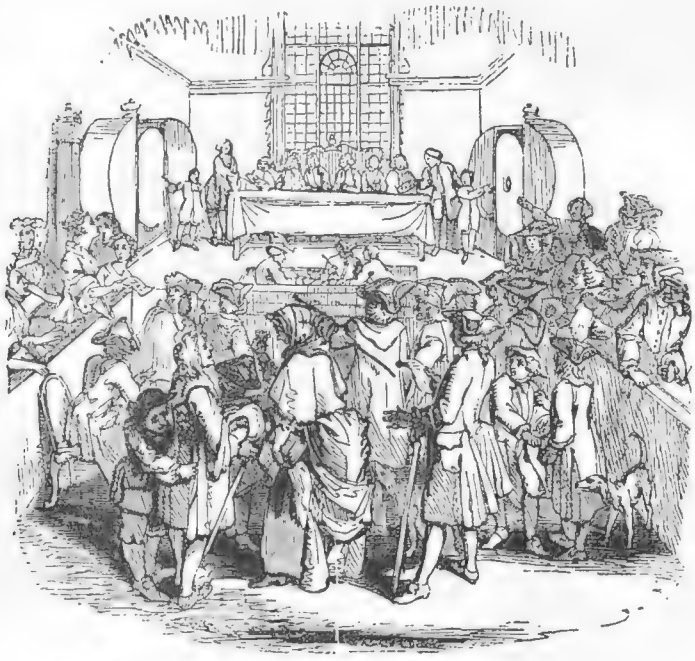
It is now well over a century since the last State lottery took place. From 1694 to 1826 the State received an almost annual revenue of over £200,000, agents and lottery-office keepers made an excellent living and the public got much pleasure and some profit from a legalized gamble as firmly established as the Bank of England.

Kings and queens saw the possibilities of lotteries years before they were authorized by successive Acts of Parliament. Queen Elizabeth instituted one in 1566 to finance the rebuilding of harbours and fortifications, offering 400,000 tickets at ten shillings each and prizes of plate and tapestries as well as cash. In 1612 James the First ordered one to promote the establishment of English colonies in Virginia, and eighteen years later his son sanctioned another to pay for London's water supply.

Alongside the official lotteries flourished many shady ventures that had to be suppressed, but private promoters were allowed to run lotteries for worthy objects, money being raised in one instance for the ransom of English slaves in North Africa. But, financially, all these were negligible compared with the State lotteries that started at the end of the seventeenth century.

The first, in 1694, was planned to raise a loan of £1,000,000 in £10 shares. All subscribers received annuities for sixteen years, drawers of blanks getting ten per cent of their subscription and the 2,500 recipients of prizes getting a much larger sum, the first prize being £1,000 a year. This was followed three years later by a bigger lottery, and from then onwards, right through the eighteenth century and into the nineteenth the State lottery was, except for a few intervals, almost an annual event.

Chances of a windfall of anything from £10,000 upwards soon attracted the public into enthusiastic support of the idea. The many who could not afford whole tickets at £10 or £5 each bought shares as small as one sixteenth, and even sub-divided these. All conditions of men tried their luck, and among the thirty-seven sharers in one winning ticket were fourteen tradesmen, nine servants, an innkeeper, a housekeeper and a clergyman.



Drawing the prizes in a £700,000 state lottery in the Guildhall in the year 1751

A pageant-like vehicle which was used to advertise the last of the lotteries in 1826. The abolition of lotteries was decreed by Parliament in 1823, but the public did not seem to mind for not all the vast publicity used could persuade them to buy up all the tickets

THE luck of the draw, as always, brought its joys and miseries. In 1767 an Abingdon innkeeper won £20,000 outright. All the town's bells were rung for him, he gave £100 to his ticket-agent, stood his customers unlimited drinks, promised financial help to all his neighbours and undertook to set up a poor cobbler in business. But that same year another man went raving mad when he discovered that the ticket entitling him to £500 was forged, though he was hardly as unfortunate as the clerk—subscriber in a previous lottery—who had been found wandering and demented after being robbed of a ticket that had drawn £10,000.

The lotteries were, on the whole, strictly conducted. Preparations for the drawing took place at Whitehall, where the numbered tickets, inscribed with the holders' names, were put into a large wheel marked "A." and the slips, either blank or indicating a prize, were placed in another marked "B." The wheels were then taken on sledges to one of the City halls for the drawing, which was usually performed by two Blue-coat boys.

The prospectuses were inviting enough to those who felt like taking a sporting chance. The later lotteries generally offered 3,000 or 4,000 prizes worth about £500,000, varying from £30,000 (on two occasions the first prize was £40,000) to £15, leaving the State a net profit of between £150,000 and £300,000.

LONDONERS could see around them the solid results of their contributions. The old Westminster bridge was erected from the proceeds of the 1739 lottery, and that of 1753 financed the building of the first part of the British Museum. And an architectural scheme of the Adam brothers owes its completion to a private lottery permitted by the Government in 1775.

By the end of the eighteenth century the State lottery had become an established national feature. There were agencies from Aberdeen to Weymouth, and the big London ticket-sellers published persuasive handbills strongly enjoining the public not to miss the chance of a fortune. Proclaimed one: "*Somebody must* have a *Prize*. *Anybody may* have a *Prize*. *Nobody* (*Continued on page* 60)

(*On right*) →
As an inducement to stimulate sales, the Government and the chief agencies issued bills and posters. On the facing page are reproductions of four such posters printed and published in the year 1816

I'm Fortune's faithful Pioneer,
To make the road to Riches clear.
She's sent me forward, just to say,
That June Fourteenth's the lucky day;
When all who would promotion gain,
Must Lottery Chances first obtain.

TWO of £20,200

BESIDES 3,000 OTHER PRIZES!
Will all be decided

14th of JUNE.

No Classes!—Every Ticket drawn out singly, each deciding its own fate and no other.

Ticket and Share Chances are selling at all the *Lottery* Offices in *London*; and by all their Agents in the Country.

Come fill up your glasses, and drink to the lasses,
And may we have luck how we're anchor'd ashore;
Let each jolly fellow get merry and mellow,
And when this is gone we'll try Fortune for more.

The Scheme so surpasses, that all must be asses
Who'd stand shilly-shally when luck's in the way,
Put cash in your breeches, from Lottery riches.
For who'd be the fool to refuse and say nay!

TWO of £20,200!

BESIDES 3,000 OTHER PRIZES,
WILL ALL BE DECIDED

14th of JUNE.

NO CLASSES!

Every Ticket drawn out singly, each deciding its own fate and no other.

Eh! man, I trow ye've kenn'd the Scheme,
Dame Fortin has put forth;
A bonny brae nae 'tis I deem,
To warm us i'the North.

Don't let the gude occasion slip,
To fill your bag wi' siller;
For if ye'd win her laddy-ship,
Troth! ye mona buckle 'till her

TWO of £20.200!

BESIDES 3,000 OTHER PRIZES,
Will all be decided

The 14th of JUNE.

No Classes!—Every Ticket drawn out singly, each deciding its own Fate and no other.

Tho' the gay Fruits of Nature are tempting and sweet,
Yet I know by far a more excellent treat;
'Tis the rich golden Fruit in the Lottery Wheel,
Which Fortune, Next Month, to all ranks will reveal.

TWO of £20,200!

BESIDES 3,000 OTHER PRIZES,
Will all be decided

14th of JUNE.

No Classes!—Every Ticket drawn out singly, each deciding its own fate and no other.

*** Ticket and Share Chances are selling at all the Lottery Offices in London;

And by all their AGENTS in the COUNTRY

A view of Cape Town as seen from the top of Table Mountain. Princess Elizabeth will celebrate her twenty-first birthday in Cape Town on April 21, and this day has been declared a public holiday in South Africa. The Royal party conclude their tour at Cape Town on April 24, when they will sail for England.

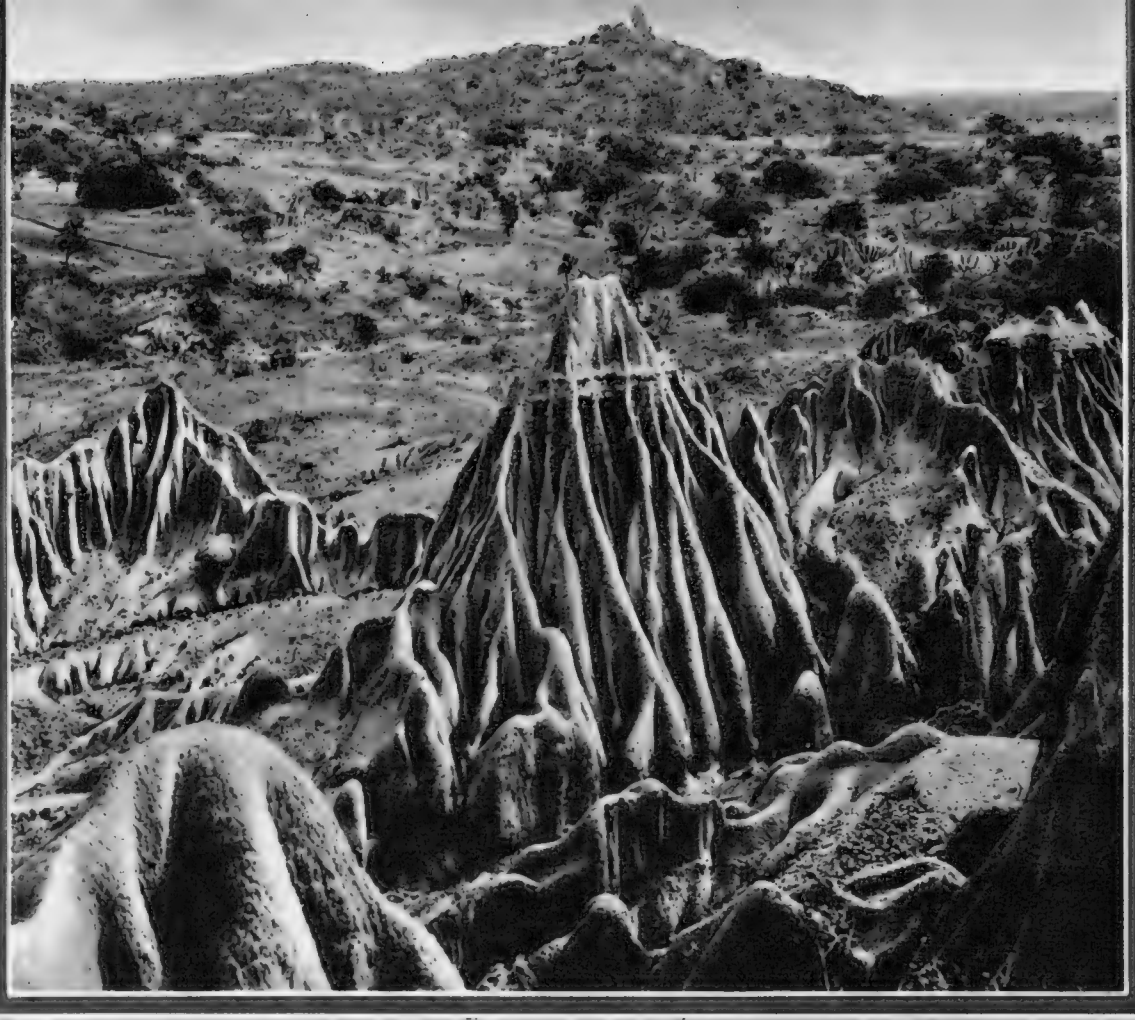
(South African Railways and Harbours.)

SOUTH AFRICA

Pictures Of The Country Which The King And Queen Are Now Visiting

The zigzag Zwartberg Pass near Oudtshoorn. The majestic grandeur of this pass is probably unsurpassed anywhere else in South Africa.

(South African Railways and Harbours.)



An outstanding picture from the Northern Transvaal showing the peculiarities of erosion in a dry river-bed.
(South African Railways and Harbours.)

(Below)
One of the wonder sights of the world. A view from an aeroplane of the Victoria Falls, Rhodesia, showing the Zambesi railway bridge, which spans the gorge, in the foreground. The Royal party will see these falls during their tour. These falls were discovered by Dr. Livingstone in 1855, and the main fall is nearly 400 ft. deep and a mile and a quarter wide.
(Crown Copyright Reserved.)

HISTORY BY THE WAYSIDE

1. Tom Long's Post on Minchinhampton Common, Gloucester, marks the grave of a highwayman. 2. A triple sundial erected as a memorial to Maud Heath, who built a causeway four-and-a-half miles long from Bremhill to Chippenham. 3. A memorial at Cambridge erected to the memory of Thomas Hobson, a liveryman and the original of the saying "Hobson's Choice," because he always made his customers "choose" the horse nearest the door. 4. A typical tollgate house where the collector used to live. 5. A quintain post at Offham, Kent. 6. A mock church-spire at Dallington, Sussex, built to win a bet. 7. A rebus milestone in Sussex. It marks 41 miles to Bow Bells.

ENGLAND is an old country and there are countless reminders of bygone ages to be found here. Roman remains are still dug up—some were uncovered by bombs—and there are relics of even earlier times. But it is not to the dim past, but to the more immediate past that I refer here.

Think, for instance, of our roads. We take it for granted that they should be kept up—and well kept up—out of the taxes. But in the memory of many elderly people, tollgates still straddled the roads in places, and toll, for the upkeep of the roads, had to be paid before any vehicle could pass. There are countless tollgate cottages still to be seen by the roadsides, and it is interesting to spot them. They have several quite unmistakable characteristics. They are nearly always at the junction of two or more roads; they are built flush with the edge of the road; they have windows facing down each road; they are generally of one storey only, with a central chimney; there is a large rectangular space on one wall where the toll-board hung.

Roads in the past were not so plentiful, and were valued accordingly. A fourteenth-century farmer's widow built a causeway from Bremhill to Chippenham, four-and-a-half miles long. This little path is still kept up to-day with money left in property for the purpose by Maud Heath. In gratitude, later generations have raised two monuments to her memory; one a tall column, on the top of which Maud sits in mediæval dress, her market baskets beside her; the other a triple sundial.

(*Continued on p. 54*)

A pair of Wanderer Albatrosses in flight. They are the longest-winged birds in the world, and have a wing-span between eleven and twelve feet

Great White Bird

Stories Of The Albatross

By Frank W. Lane

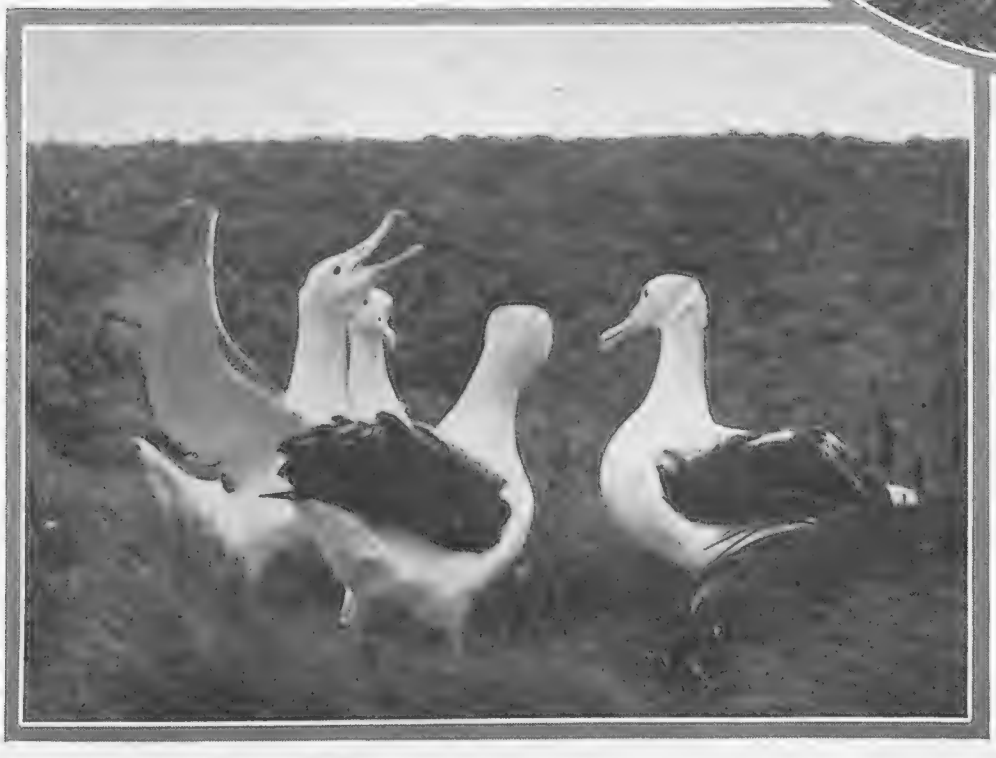
THE albatross was immortalized by Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner," but apart from such literary fame it is one of the most remarkable birds in the world. There are thirteen species altogether, and, with rare exceptions, they are found only in the southern oceans on both sides of the South American continent.

The Wanderer Albatross is the longest-winged bird in the world. Just how long it is has been the subject of considerable discussion. A famous encyclopaedia puts it at seventeen feet, which is certainly an exaggeration; the most reliable observers say that eleven, or at most twelve feet, is the maximum distance between the wing-tips.

Wide-ranging over the oceans during the summer months, the albatrosses come to land for the breeding season. And here they go through a remarkable dancing ritual, wherein future parents for the coming generation of albatrosses are chosen. Several male birds will prance, wave their wings, stretch their necks and play around a female until one of them is accepted, and then the work of nest-building is begun. Even this important function is interrupted every now and again while male and female dance and prance before each other.

Normally only one egg is laid, but this is a giant among

On the nest. The Wanderer Albatross normally lays one egg but it is a giant among birds' eggs, weighing about a pound



(*On left*) Albatrosses mating during the breeding season. They go through a remarkable dancing ritual. Several male birds will prance, wave their wings and play around a female until one of them is accepted, and then the work of nest-building is begun

birds' eggs, weighing about a pound. But the shell is remarkably fragile. The mere force of the breath in blowing one sometimes shatters the shell.

Like many other birds, young albatrosses are fed upon regurgitated food. This has a decidedly fishy flavour as the main items in the adult birds' menu are fish, crustaceans and cephalopods. But on this diet the young albatrosses thrive considerably. Four months after hatching and although still clothed in down, they are nearly as (*Continued on page* 72)

Phantom Burglar

There Are People Who Do Get Away With Crime And Keep On Getting Away With It

By Arthur Mills

FARMER COXON leaned over his gate considering how he stood. The wettest summer for fifty years had blackened his oats, made his wheat grow out in the stook, and flooded his best low-lying pastures. Work was all behind. He had an acre of potatoes, probably rotten, to dig and store, two acres of roots to lift, muck to cart and spread, thatching to finish, twelve cows to milk twice a day, ploughing, cultivating, and winter wheat to sow. Also he had a son who had just fallen off a rick and broken his arm. He'd remember the back end of 1946. Why not?

Reg's accident was the final set-back. Other years father and son worked their 100-acre farm without help, except at harvest time. They used the daylight hours. Now he had to employ a man. And look what he had got! Across the field Farmer Coxon saw his labourer sitting on a blown-down elm, smoking a cigarette, his back turned to the tractor which lay on its side in a ditch. He had known the man could not milk, or thatch, or make a rick, or cut and lay a hedge, when he hired him; but he had believed he could drive a tractor. He was shown on his employment card as a tractor driver, wasn't he? That was why Farmer Coxon had hired him. With ploughing and cultivating and harrowing to do, he had to have a tractor driver till Reg's broken arm was sound again. Once Reg could work the new man would get his ticket. Farmer Coxon was worrying enough, about having to pay the man four pounds a week, to start a stomach ulcer.

Well, there was the tractor overturned in a ditch after being driven too fast round a headland; and there was the new man sitting on a fallen elm, smoking a cigarette, watching a flock of rooks picking out some newly-sown wheat in the next field. Farmer Coxon knocked out his pipe, took the trace harness from a shed, fixed the gear on the big work horse, and set off across the field.

The farmer was a little fellow, with short bent legs, hands hard as elephant hide, and a deeply corrugated neck. Leaving his horse, he waddled across the field, fixed the tackle to the tractor and hauled it back on an even keel. The new labourer was about to get back on the iron seat, when the farmer said: "Let 'er bide, Jack."

"D'oant 'ee want I to follow on?" the labourer asked.

"Naow." Farmer Coxon looked at the six foot powerful young man. "They told I 'ee could drive a tractor."

Jack's little eyes shifted about; he made no reply. The farmer looked at the man's hands; they were a worker's hands all right; he had noticed that when hiring him. "Where did 'ee learn tractor driving, Jack?"

Jack jerked his thumb to the West.

"Down Devon way?" Coxon asked.

"Ar!"

"On a varm?"

The labourer shook his head. "Stone quarries—hauling."

"Ee be a quarry man?"

"Ar," Jack nodded.

"Thee've never done farm work then?" Coxon said. "Where be from?"

"Carnwall."

Cornish granite, of course, Coxon thought. Then what had brought the man up here looking for work on a farm? "Quarry close down?" he asked.

Jack made no reply; he had gone round to the front of the tractor and was swinging the handle; after a couple of sputters the engine started. Farmer Coxon looked at the work already done; the furrows were straight enough; it was taking a corner too fast that had caused the accident. The day was Tuesday, and he would have to pay the man for the week at least; also the ploughing had to be done.

"All right, Jack, follow on if 'ee've a mind to."

The big man's face lightened; he clambered back into his seat, let in the clutch, and started work once more. Farmer Coxon walked back to his yard, drew himself a mug of cider in the shed, and unwrapped a piece of bread and cheese. He carried the cheese and cider across to a wall, flanking the little two-acre paddock at the back of his farm. On the other side of this paddock he could see the big house with its lawns and cedar trees and the great empty stables.

After the Squire died, the land belonging to Langton Court had been bought by neighbouring farmers. The house itself had changed hands several times, and last month a Yeovil garage proprietor had bought it. The garage man, who had come from London, had made money selling cars he had bought during the war. They said, in the village, that he was a smart one. Farmer Coxon knew what a "smart one" was. He remembered the days when the hay dealers had grown rich buying

THERE was the tractor lying on its side at the bottom of the quarry and Jack sitting on a pile of stones smoking a cigarette

cheap hay from farmers obliged by their banks to raise cash. He did not like such people and he did not like Mr. Sirrop of Langton Court. If he'd liked him Farmer Coxon might have sold him the little two-acre paddock between Langton Court and his farm.

But though Farmer Coxon had had a bad harvest, and it was nearly choking him to have to hire a labourer at £4 a week, he could not forgo the pleasure of grazing his in-calf heifers right under the wall of Mr. Sirrop's garden, and shaking his head every time Mr. Sirrop asked him to reconsider selling the field.

Farmer Coxon had just put a piece of cheese in his mouth when Mr. Sirrop hailed him from the road. Munching his cheese, the farmer walked over to the car.

"Good morning, Mr. Coxon," said Mr. Sirrop.

"Marning' sir," said Farmer Coxon, who called all strangers sir, whether he respected them or not. He looked at Mr. Sirrop's companion, a flashy, yellow-haired woman.

"My wife," said Mr. Sirrop, waving a fat hand. "She's come to ask you a favour."

Mrs. Sirrop held out her hand, causing Farmer Coxon to blink. She had scarlet finger nails and wore a quantity of rings.

Farmer Coxon did not know what the stones were any more than he knew if the pearls round her neck were real, or that the fur she wore was mink, or that she had had her face lifted and drank gin whenever she could get it. All he could judge was that, like Mr. Sirrop, she was from "Lunnon" and he wiped his hand on his breeches before he extended his arm as cautiously as if he was trying to hook his finger through the ring in a strange bull's nose.

Mr. Sirrop said: "My wife has come to try to persuade you to sell us your little paddock. She wants somewhere for the dogs to run."

"Where be I to put my in-calf heifers?" Farmer Coxon asked, looking at the two useless-looking pedigree chows sitting on the back seat of the car.

"Surely one of your other fields——" Mr. Sirrop began.

Farmer Coxon shook his head: "That 'un there be handy for calving; I like to keep an eye on a beast when she's near her time. I'll be out at five o'clock to-morrow marnin' taking a look at Daisy there."

Mrs. Sirrop whispered to her husband.

"Would £200 interest you?" Mr. Sirrop asked.

Farmer Coxon shook his head.

"Three hundred?" Mr. Sirrop suggested, praying the farmer would refuse, for he didn't care about paying twice the value for anything.

The farmer scratched the grey stubble on his cheek. "Three hundred; that be a sight of money for two acres; land b'aint worth it."

Mrs. Sirrop scratched one of her chow's ears and said: "It is worth it to us, isn't it, Yang?"

Farmer Coxon looked at the chow; he

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

liked a dog that was a good cattle worker, and would catch a few rats, but he couldn't bear pets. He thought of the two overfed chows waddling round his paddock and his in-calf heifers being moved to make room, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid Farmer Coxon doesn't want to deal my dear," Mr. Sirrop said.

"He would if you weren't so mean, wouldn't you, Mr. Coxon?" Mrs. Sirrop said.

The farmer did not reply; he had just seen Jack coming through the gate and was mentally clocking his dinner hour. The fellow had knocked off fully early. What with the time he had lost overturning the tractor and the time he would lose in the afternoon getting started again, he wouldn't have done five bob's worth of work by nightfall.

Jack came forward, stopped a little distance from the party and shouted.

"Be it dinner time?"

Mrs. Sirrop looked at the splendidly built young man with real pleasure. "Is that your son?" she asked the farmer.

Farmer Coxon shook his head. "Naow. He works for I. Reg hurted hisself two days ago."

Jack stood unwrapping a piece of bread and cheese; Mrs. Sirrop gave him a smile and he came forward holding out a piece of bread, which he offered to the dogs.

"What kind be they?" he asked, looking at the fat, thick-coated dogs.

"Chinese cow dogs," Mr. Sirrop said.

"I TELL 'ee, I saw a man climb over the wall and get in at that there window," Farmer Coxon repeated

"They're not; they are chows—very valuable," Mrs. Sirrop corrected.

"They are not valuable in China; see 'em outside any village along with the water buffalo," Mr. Sirrop told Farmer Coxon. Some years ago he had holed up in Shanghai after a bankruptcy.

Jack gave the dogs each a piece of bread; then scratched their ears.

"Won't generally let strangers touch them —wonderful house dogs," Mrs. Sirrop told him.

"Sleep in the house?" Jack asked.

Mrs. Sirrop saw his eyes move from the rings on her fingers to the pearls round her neck. Probably never seen real jewellery as close as that she thought.

"No, they sleep in the garage and we leave the door open, so they can run out if they hear anyone moving outside."

Mr. Sirrop massaged his jowl. "Lot of burglaries round London; don't suppose you get much of that sort of thing down here?" he said to Farmer Coxon.

The farmer shook his head.

"Maybe they have a chicken or two and a few apples—gipsies mostly; folks round here is pretty honest."

"Those pearls of my wife's are insured for five thousand." Mr. Sirrop wanted to emphasize that he could afford to buy a field if he liked.

Farmer Coxon looked at his watch. "Have your dinner now, Jack, and arter dinner follow on with the top field, wull 'ee? Oughta get the most of it done before night; looks like rain about and then the tractor won't be no good."

Mr. Sirrop got back in his car. "Well, good day, Mr. Coxon. Sorry we can't make a deal." He nodded to Jack. "Good day, hope the rain keeps off."

Jack's eyes were still fixed on Mrs. Sirrop's neck encircled with five thousand pounds worth of pearls.

NEXT morning, just after five a.m., Farmer Coxon woke, put on his clothes and rubber boots, and went out to take a look at the heifer in the two-acre paddock that was near her time. He was coming back from inspecting the heifer when he saw a shape moving in the half-light between the wall round Langton Court garden and the lane leading to his farm. The shape couldn't be a heifer, for they were bunched at his end of the paddock and he had just counted them. Whatever was (*Continued on page* 64)

They Lived In Grosvenor Square

Sidelights On The Shifting London Scene

By Wilma Buckley

Grosvenor Square as it was in 1789. Prime Minister Lord North, whose acts led to the Boston Tea-Party, lived at number 50 for thirty years and died in this house in 1792, and in 1786 John Adam, the first Ambassador to England from the United States, and eventually the second President lived at number 9

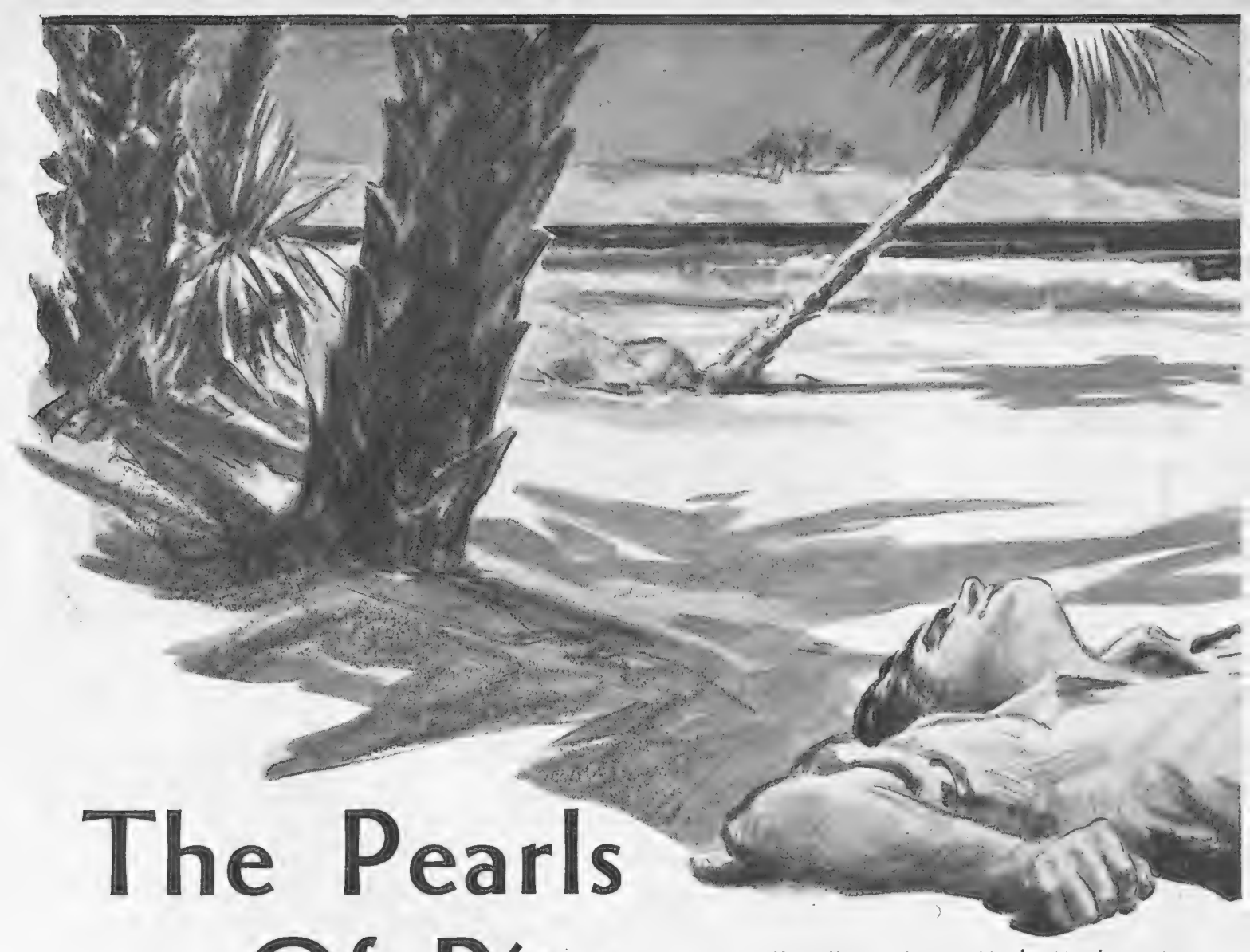
THE projected memorial to the late President Roosevelt in Grosvenor Square shows the choice of a singularly fitting site, whatever controversy may arise with regard to the memorial itself.

Ever since the eighteenth century, there has always been some connection between this dignified quarter of London and the American continent. The fateful Prime Minister, Lord North, whose acts led to the Boston Tea-Party and the war of Independence, lived for thirty years at number 50, and died in this house. In 1786, number 9 was occupied by John Adams, the first Ambassador to England from the United States and, eventually, the second President. Number 12, a beautiful red brick house which is practically the only one to retain its Georgian façade, was lived in by millionaire John Pierpont Morgan; here were situated, during the recent war, American Red Cross headquarters. At number 6 lived and worked American Ambassador Walter Hines Page, through those troubled years of 1913–1918; and a flat at number 3, over the American Embassy, housed Mr. Winant from 1941 until the end of his tenure as Ambassador.

GROSVENOR SQUARE has always maintained a conspicuously aristocratic standard, unlike the rest of Mayfair, which seems to have consistently blended the raffish with the modish. Metaphorical strawberry leaves have fluttered here as thickly as those which autumnally fall from London's plane trees in the parks; did not the Dukes of Buccleuch, Leeds, Northumberland, Portland, Norfolk, Beaufort, and others, all reside here at one time or another? Other distinguished inhabitants have included the first Marquis of Hertford, Ambassador in Paris and Secretary of State; Lord Nelson, the guest of Sir William and Lady Hamilton (the great Admiral's marriage was then, in 1800, beginning to break-up); the first Earl Canning, Governor-General of India, whose funeral in Westminster Abbey took place from number 10 in 1862; the Earl of Westmorland, Viceroy of Ireland from 1790–1795; and the Archbishops of York and of Canterbury.

Among these august dwellers in the Square, notorieties or eccentrics have been few. It is true that at number 37, formerly 32, the fifth Duke of Bolton "died by his own hand;" that William Beckford, strange eighteenth century "character," occupied number 2 from 1797 to 1801; that Lady Augusta Murray, morganatic wife of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, lived in number 51 from 1801–1808 as "Lady Augustus Frederick;" that George the First's lean mistress, (*Continued on page 70*)

Another view of Grosvenor Square reproduced from an old print published in 1751. Number 12, a beautiful red brick house which is practically the only one to retain its Georgian façade was lived in by the American millionaire banker John Pierpont Morgan



The Pearls Of Pity

In His Time Fane Had Made His Mistakes But No One Could Say Women Had Meant Anything To Him

By Vince Kelly

THE coconut trees rustled lazily in the south-east trades. The morning was already heavy with the increasing heat of the tropical mid-morning and the screeching of the brilliant coloured birds proclaimed that life was full of interest on the island of Palai. Even the lazy tree lizards looked vitally alive in their apparent immobility.

One thing only seemed strangely out of place. Just up from the strip of white beach a man lay under a coconut tree. Its shade sheltered him from the burning sun, a service which was lost upon the man, owing to the fact that he had lain in exhausted sleep despite the heat.

At last he stirred and groaned. The struggle to recollect the happenings of the night before made his head ache and throb, and he lay back weakly in a trance of misery. He knew that he had been drunk —very drunk.

A native named O-Ai could have told him some part of the puzzle, but O-Ai was then a long way away, still paddling his flimsy canoe, the speed of which he had accelerated by hoisting his calico "rami" as a sail, and, as the blue water slapped against the nose and outrigger, O-Ai grinned with savage satisfaction as he also conned over the previous night's events.

"Go catchum one canoe alonga beach!" he had been ordered. "Quicktime we go alonga saltwater," and O-Ai, with a kick to hasten him, had stumbled ahead to where the island's canoes lay hauled up on the leeward beach.

On the face of his master he had noticed the puffiness and bruises which had not been there when the usual game of cards had commenced. He had heard an uproar, in which the voice of Mister Hening roared white man's curses and the voice of his master had replied in drunken sentences, but with such a deadly quietness and threat that even O-Ai had shivered, although he could only dimly guess at the meaning of the words.

Followed a moment's unbroken, deathly quiet, the quick scraping of a chair, the short, staccato barks of a revolver, and his master had rushed out and snapped his instructions.

As he chose a canoe, O-Ai's mind had a double purpose. He selected carefully. The voice he hated rasped his nerve in exasperation at the delay.

He heaved and strained until the canoe floated in the first ripples, after which he bent and received the weight of the white man "piggy-back" and carried him into the bow of the canoe.

"Paddle, O-Ai! Paddle like hell! We catchum this one steamer tomorrow time longa sun-up."

And O-Ai had paddled obediently until drink and reaction from excitement overtook the senses of the white man and he slept.

The hours of darkness slipped by. O-Ai paddled deftly, unceasingly, paying no attention to the other man, who lay huddled in unlovely stupor in the bow. The canoe and outrigger slid over the waves like a water beetle.

The island of Palai showed up ahead, and he ran the canoe gently on the beach and drew it out of the waters. Seizing the inert body of the white man, he placed him gently under a tree so as not to awaken him, and then methodically set to work to provision his canoe with green coconuts, paw-paws and bananas, for no matter what the white man had commanded, they would not be keeping a rendezvous with the steamer. This completed, he fashioned a serviceable club and stole to where the white man lay breathing heavily.

O-Ai's eyes glistened. He had longed for this moment. The life of the man before him was within his reach. Nothing could snatch it from his grasp. Therefore, with the natural instinct of the savage, he squatted and gloated, for he could only take this man's life once and he was loth to hurry.

The wrist watch held his gaze and he

HE did not hear the approaching footfalls on the grass, nor did he see the face of the girl who looked down on him in amazement as she took in the battered features on which the flies crawled across the bloodstains

quickly detached it, transferring it to his own, and he then rifled the pockets of the white man.

In the absence of pockets on his own person, the pipe and a tin matchbox he bestowed in the unsightly loops that were originally the lobes of his ears. The money he flung back upon the ground. It would mean nothing in the place to which he was going.

He weaved his body slowly and sinuously, and his voice rose in a fear-inspiring rhythm. It was the death song of his tribe. Gradually it penetrated the consciousness of the white man, who opened reddened, uncomprehending eyes, which closed again as O-Ai smote him on the head with the club.

The life remaining to him had been shortened to minutes, for O-Ai, prancing in the crazed abandon of lust for blood, was very close to the moment when his club should again smite, fatally next time, when his crooning chant was choked in his throat and his club remained aloft in mid air. Terror chased other emotions from his flat face.

The echoes of a whistle were summoning native labourers out to work in the cool hours of early morning. Where the whistle was, there was also the white man, and he had not yet forgotten the lessons he had learned in regard to the inferiority of his race.

White men fought among themselves, as they did last night, but when natives were insubordinate always had the white men made a common cause to suppress and punish the ringleaders.

O-Ai's fingers loosened on the club. He was afraid. Gazing quickly about, he dropped his club guiltily, then raced for his canoe and paddled for the bit of coast-line which fringed his own jungle-tangled hills, free at last from his bondage. . . .

BACK on the island of Palai the seconds were eternities to the suffering atom of human life whose mind was again an agonized blank. He did not hear the approaching footfalls on the grass, nor did he see the face of the girl who looked down on him in amazement as she took in the battered features on which the flies crawled across the bloodstains. He had lain there for hours. O-Ai and the outrigger-canoe had disappeared. The tide had washed away the marks of their landing.

With her whistle she summoned her "boys" and gave curt directions in their native tongue, then, picking up the helmet which O-Ai had tried on and discarded, she passed it to a "boy," who filled it with sea water and returned to hold it while she soaked her handkerchief and bathed the blood from the face of the man who had arrived so mysteriously that he might have dropped from an aeroplane.

The solution of the mystery of his arrival must wait. He needed urgent first-aid. She followed the natives as they carried him to the house.

He was delirious and she listened for days to his babblings, her eyes always thoughtful. When her patient recovered sufficiently to know where he was, his progress was rapid and his interest in his nurse was mounting with his convalescence.

He reached that stage where he realized the explanation of his mysterious arrival must be given at last as he sat opposite the only other white person he had seen since that night he had played the memorable game of cards.

The girl's candid eyes were on his face, and the intentness of her gaze demanded an accounting.

Fane noted that she looked very young, very sophisticated, quite unworldly. He had always boasted that he was not a woman's man, but this charming creature stirred him to a rare modesty. He regretted he dare not be too truthful about himself.

"It is a long story," he said. "I'll only give you the rough outline," which he proceeded to do in a manner that required considerable skill and ready imagination.

He had been in the islands six months, he told her, roaming hither and thither as the notion took him. He confessed to being a drifter. He had no family nor ties to restrict his driftings or inspire ambition.

His "boy" had been a Ponga Ponga native. Doubtless, wearied of labour which exiled him from his people, and, finding himself nearer them than he had

been for many months, he had assaulted his master as he slept and escaped to his village.

He recited his tale with as few embellishments as possible. In return, Fane wanted to know about her. She told him dreamily.

She came from Sydney, and had only known one relative, an uncle, who had placed her in a boarding school until her eighteenth year. His death had been a severe blow to her. His lawyers notified her of the plantation he had left to her, with a comfortable sum of money, and had engaged an overseer for her, and she had come herself to find that her place was pretty, romantic—and lonely.

She had thrown herself into the task of learning the business and had pleasured in this strange freedom. The plantation, now profitable in bearing, she said she was putting up for sale at the end of the year, after which she would travel and see something of the world.

Fane wondered how long the girl's money would last once she commenced to rub shoulders with the adventurers of the outside world. Some unscrupulous person, or persons, would get it. Well, why not he? She was lovely, very lovely—but he was hardboiled and women had always been secondary in his life.

His talk ran on about the life she intended to see and live. All the larger cities of the world had known him, and he could talk of them with charm. The girl listened entranced.

So passed the hours, the days and nights.

Fane was getting fed up. He stood on the veranda and scowled. What the devil was the matter with him? Was he in love? He could laugh that off. No, it was nothing the matter with him, but something about the girl that was tangling things all up.

He had tried vainly to switch the conversation to soft personalities. Equally vain had been his endeavour to caress the soft hand of his hostess the night before. It had been firmly withdrawn, and had made him feel uncomfortably uncertain of himself, a fool and blunderer.

What nonsense to allow this inexperienced girl to make him feel that way. It was about time he showed something for his stay.

That night they were both more silent, a little awkward with each other. After a period it was the girl who spoke.

"Only another two days and you are going."

"I must. I have been here too long now." He glanced at her. "I shall take away very happy memories."

"Before you go, would you do me a favour, please?" she asked.

"Of course," he said, without hesitation, "anything."

She thought for a while. Then, "Do you understand pearls?" she asked. "Really understand them, I mean? Their texture, their value?"

"I think I am considered a very fair judge."

"Then wait, please."

He heard her go to the small safe in her office. A minute later he was gazing spellbound at a necklace of pearls, each one of which was a lambent pool of light. Their value? God! They were jewels worthy of a princess. Anne de Joyeuse would have coveted these.

Fane's palms were moist and clammy as the fever of desire burned him. He knew it was beyond his means to offer her the sum they were worth. Her voice was as the wash of the waves on the beach, softly cadenced and murmuring.

"They are very valuable, I know," she was saying, "and it is foolish of me to keep them here, but then you see I have few callers on Palai. No one would guess that such a fortune was here in my little safe."

His hands caressed the necklace. It ran through his fingers, a miniature waterfall of glowing, wonderful beauty. His grey eyes looked into her steady blue ones.

"They are worth a fortune. How can you risk keeping these pearls here?"

"I have already told you they are as safe here as they would be anywhere," she replied. "No one knows about them but ourselves. Look at them! Don't they convey some meaning to you. Doesn't each one of them strive to tell you something about itself, something sad and strange?"

Fane shook his head uncertainly. His throat was dry. They had but one meaning for him. . . .

TWO days later the girl stood on the beach directing the launching of the whaleboat which was to convey Fane to Tangi Tangi in time to catch the island steamer to Sydney.

At the moment she was seeing to it that nothing would be lacking for his comfort, Fane was removing the necklace from her small, squat safe. His movements were quick and sure. (*Continued on page 72*)

HIS hands caressed the necklace. It ran through his fingers, a miniature waterfall of glowing, wonderful beauty

Illustrations by Frank M. Lea

Personal Presentation

DOT the "i" in Fashion. It's the personal note that counts. All our wardrobes are planned for long-term service. We all wear basic clothes, austerity lines and last year's hangovers. It is the *individual* touch which gives such clothes their savour!

Are you clever with colour? You need not waver from your basic navy, brown or black. Get your excitement in small, well-chosen doses—a new blouse, a bunch of feathers in your hat, handkerchiefs that team with belts and buttonholes paired with gloves or hat trimmings.

A touch of Field Poppy Red braces the neckline of last season's navy woollen. Mimosa, clear as spring sunshine, changes the face of a grey worsted suit. Team Fuchsia Pink with Fairway Green (dark and blue-toned). Try Gentian Blue with Cinnamon, or Rust with Tawny Beige. These are the new colours sponsored by the British Colour Council for Spring and Summer 1947.

There is new feeling for pale make-up with bright clothes. With a light powder base and powder wear a lipstick that is darker and deeper. Max Factors "Crimson" perhaps. Wear it with a matching nail varnish, if you can track it down.

CHOOSE main accessories for their sterling qualities. Avoid the tedium of matching colours.

A black coat goes to town with matching gloves and shoes, but *contrasting* hat and handbag. Lime Green or Purple Clover make a colourful contrast here. Sand or Tiger Lily, the new tawny orange, would be new and more effective.

With an all-brown outfit wear a scarf of Turquoise Green or Dashing Red and stark-white gloves—the latter knitted in string if you are neat-fingered.

COMB the junk shops for eye-catching details, antique silver buckles, combs and buttons of pinchbeck. You can transform the simplest Utility design and put it straight into the glamour class by changing its buttons or substituting one belt for another.

Give a dark frock a shining belt, links of silver or a line of copper coins all strung together. Use jet or soot black suède to accent cloudy pastels and the new silver greys. Step up your favourite print with iridescent sequins. A frock in boldly patterned crêpe had the centre of each flower picked out with sequins and made to glitter. It was entrancing.

It's a new idea to have interchangeable buttons, brass or leather by day and jet by night. These slip into place and are caught at the back with rings or split pins. I've seen fascinating designs made in plastic—leaves curled like ferns, winged fish and tiny crystal decanters—apparently full of wine!

So much of Fashion is stereotyped. Nearly all the excitement of dressing to-day lies in personal presentation. It's up to you to spice the sauce and make its flavour piquant!

Peggy Pitts-Tucker.

Give Yourself a Lift...

Everything Tends to Sag after a Winter of Hard Weather and Depressing News, but Spring Justifies a Mood of Optimism and Some Practical Steps to Give the Downward Lines an Upward Lift

Give yourself the tonic of a new hat, a creation of feathers and veiling like the one on the right. Wear it with a smile, like the one on the left.

uplift

ROUND about now the mailed fist of winter loosens its grasp and from between its fingers you can see the spring.

Suddenly, you realise that you can walk out with your head up and breathe without feeling that icicles are being driven into your lungs. Now, then, is the time to give yourself a lift. When you need it most, and when the effect upon your appearance and your morale will be most effective.

But how to begin?

We cannot all fly to the Riviera—most of us cannot even take a holiday, but there remain other feminine tonics which merit your attention. Even shopping can be done with a little more optimism.

With skilled advice, a course of not too-violent exercises suited to your constitution will work minor miracles with those startling sags and bulges which have lately made their appearance.

One well-known beauty salon provides an individual course of exercises which are designed for this purpose. Eight half-hours at the salon cost six guineas.

At home, deep breathing by an open window will lift the walls of the chest and pep up circulation—a short cut to a feeling of general well-being. An excellent all-round exercise for homework is to lie flat on the floor, slowly raising both legs, with feet together, until the toes point to the ceiling, when the legs should be slowly lowered again. If exercising on your own proves boring, rope in your friends for a twice-weekly exercise session. The advantage of this is that it stimulates enthusiasm for the "cure." Buy a good book on exercises. Encourage each other, and between you point out faults of posture and deportment.

High heels will lift your spirits and slenderise your ankles. Here are two exciting Holmes shoes, one in tan glace and another in black suede, both now appearing in the stores.

uplift

uplift

HOME facials are good policy, but it is wise to start off your beauty campaign with some professional aid. The salon which I have already referred to can help again with facial treatment. Prices start at 17s. 6d. for cleansing and muscle strapping. Operators will coax away tiny downward lines and train sagging muscles to renew their job of supporting the delicate tissues. From then onward you can continue the good work at home.

Now, already a new and uplifted woman, you are ready to go shopping in earnest.

Left : A belt and brassiere in sheer nylon give a controlled line at the hip and an upward curve to the bosom. These are from Harvey Nichols. Right : Lingerie is a good uplifter and restrictions are off trimmings !

Still taking first things first, suppose you invest in some foundation garments. No matter how zealous you may be about exercises, the gentle support and lift of a good foundation garment is essential. Make a point, if possible, of having them fitted by an expert to ensure a fit like a second skin.

A LONDON store has, at the moment, three outstanding foundation garments for " uplift " purposes. The first, a corselette for the small woman (in tea-rose satin acetate), with net elastic at the sides and a low back panel in satin lastex. Next, a glamorous French importation in Scandale's sheer nylon brassière, as well as a three-strand net belt.

Next, what is more certain to raise your morale and pep up your appearance than some really high heels ? The shoes sketched on the opposite page combine the higher heel with good design and a moderate price. This extra inch and a half on your height is good uplift, not to speak of the flattery to your ankles which slim heels give. Incidentally, these shoes *are* available in growing quantities.

Lingerie is another good uplifter. Restrictions are relaxed on lace and trimming, so enjoy yourself for once among fragments of coloured nonsense and let austerity rip just this once. A few coupons for some beguiling undies is an investment in poise.

FINALLY, since your spirits need a dose of uplift just as your body does, go right out and give yourself a treat of some kind. This gift to yourself may be a book you have wanted, a week-end at the sea, a lovely picture for your room ; you might even get busy devising a new colour scheme for the room you spend most of your time in.

But perhaps the final " lift " will prove to be a new hat ; something with " presence " and allure ; a flowery, feathery creation which will give the final cachet to your new appearance.

So, off you go, ready to meet the softer air and the longer days, turning your face discreetly away from pessimism ; in fact, giving yourself a lift, and a heartening lift for all who behold you.

LAVENDER WITHOUT LACE

However drawn you may feel to the more exotic perfumes —and what woman isn't irresistibly attracted by the glamorous fragrance ?—the traditional flower perfume has its unassailable place in combination with the right mood and the right costume.

Lavender water is an eternal favourite. That is nothing new, but what you may not have realised is that it has some very practical features beside that of its scent alone.

Lavender water sprinkled on the clothes in your cupboards and drawers, particularly among woollens, has a decidedly discouraging effect upon moths. A drop or two in the linen cupboard will have the same effect and gives bed-linen a faint but pleasant fragrance.

As a skin tonic, used after the bath, it has stimulating properties and helps to close the pores of the skin.

Lavender water is fairly plentiful again and inexpensive enough to use liberally in these several ways.

Exercises work wonders with sags and bulges, but if, on your own, you are inclined to skip them, rope in your friends for an exercise session.

Heroine

WE call this an age of realism, but, in fact, for all our so-called toughness, we of this generation are sentimentalists. There is a nostalgic preoccupation with the past which reveals itself in the occupations of our leisure—the period novel, the period play, even our hats and our modified bustles point the unmistakable trend. In an age without plenty, life in days gone by seems all ease and elegance.

But were the heroines in their appropriate periods as well situated as imagination suggests? From a strictly feminine angle, the domestic scene of the past is endowed with an apparent ease and luxury which women of this harassed generation regard with awe. Prodigious quantities of food; retinues of servants; the low cost of living, and clothes in which the most homely female might picture herself a *femme fatale*, paint a picture of ease, fantastic to our disillusioned eyes. Is this, in fact, an authentic picture, or has distance lent its inevitable enchantment to the view?

One fact is indisputable: luxury and security were only for the well-to-do. The retinue of servants was well enough if you were not one of the servants. Clothes were luxurious, feminine and becoming, but only for those who need not soil their hands. Manners and conventions of the past seem charming and gracious enough in retrospect,

Phyllis Calvert as Mrs. Kipps in the 20th Century-Fox film.

In 1905, which provides the setting for H. G. Wells's Mrs. Kipps, women had begun, tentatively, to break out from the narrow social and economic rut in which they had been so long marooned. The development of railways made transportation a more practical undertaking, and the "excursion" had become a new, exciting feature of life and leisure. Women of the lower and middle classes had begun to take employment other than that of "service," while furniture and clothes revealed a modest form of retrenchment from the extravagances of the Victorian age.

Miss Matty, the endearing and ageing spinster of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," typifies one facet of an age of "polite poverty." The clothes and manners of the period around 1851 are enchanting in retrospect, but the realities of a situation in which the genteel and the unmarried were obliged to conceal their anxious poverty behind a smiling and ladylike demeanour, were less appealing.

At Home

but social disaster confronted the woman who was guilty of a slip which would seem trivial in our eyes.

It was a poor world where marriage was the only career for women and where to be unmarried was a social and economic disaster from which there was no relief for a " respectable " female.

Even the possession of private means conferred no practical independence upon women until The Married Woman's Property Act rescued them from the economic thraldom of the all-powerful male. To quote G. M. Trevelyan in his " Social History of England " : *A woman's property became her husband's at marriage. The law was in curious contrast to the words of the Marriage service when the man was made to say, " With all my worldly goods I thee endow," whereas it was really the other way round.* W. L.

Greer Garson as Elizabeth Bennet in " Pride and Prejudice."

Elizabeth Bennet, of " Pride and Prejudice," is seen against the background of the prosperous Regency period. The enchanting clothes, the exquisite architecture, the Sheraton furniture and elegant decoration, contribute to a picture of great elegance, but, in fact, this was an age of Privilege, when the enrichment of the landed gentry reduced the working classes to penury, when the poor suffered deportation for poaching, hanging for theft, and gaol for debt.

Joan Fontaine in the title-role of the film " Jane Eyre."

The " Gainsborough " clothes of 1778, which provide the backcloth for Fanny Burney's " Evelina," are enchanting to our modern eyes, but the age of the powdered wig and the complicated and uncomfortable coiffure are not all they seem. In spite of an elaborate and refined mode of speech, furniture and decoration (Adam and Hepplewhite) of a beauty and delicacy since unsurpassed, manners were coarse and brutal even among the " upper classes."

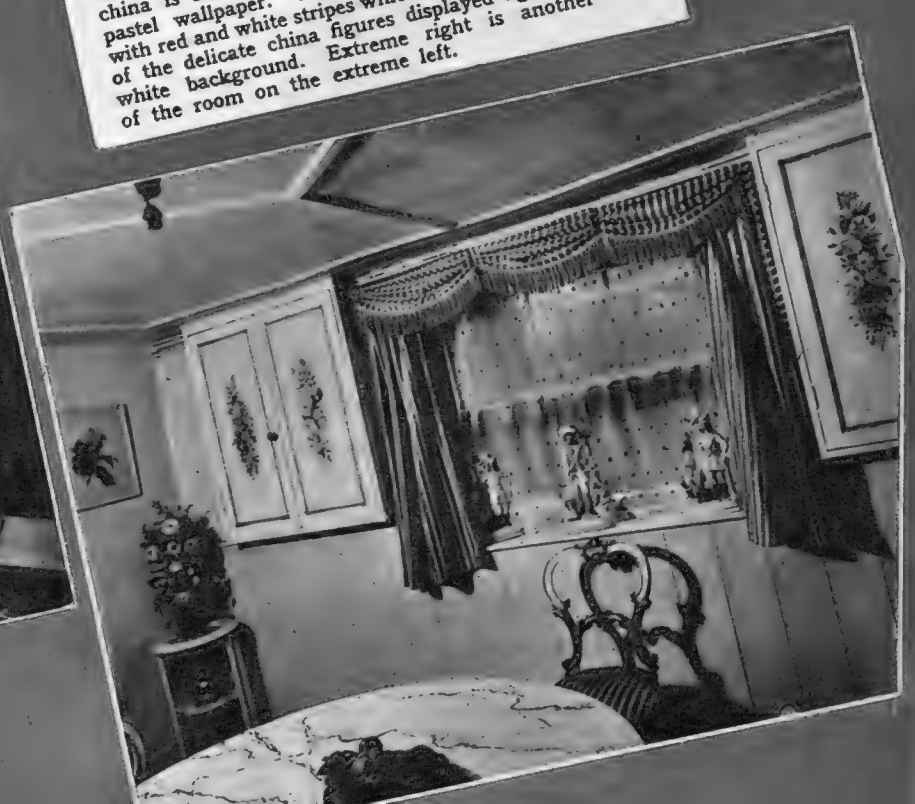
In 1847 the industrialisation of Britain was producing a new class—the middle class—of which Jane Eyre, Charlotte Bronte's heroine, was a member. Under Florence Nightingale's influence women were moving towards a wider application of their talents. Mass production of furniture was showing its effect in the home, and clothes revealed the same more independent trend ; but the situation of an orphan child, like Jane, dependent upon charity, was a sorry one by any standards

FURNISHING QUIZ

Character in decoration depends greatly upon the choice of fabrics when furniture is, necessarily, simple. Bold designs have high dramatic value, but their proportions and their colouring must be discreetly related to the background and the furnishings which go with them.

In the rooms above and on the right, bold fabrics have given the cachet to comparatively simple schemes. In the sitting-room, a bright tartan fabric is used against a delicate pale-blue paper with a plain white dado and woodwork. In the bedroom, horizontal stripes are employed as a foil for furniture of the simplest modern design.

Detail in the three rooms across the bottom of the page exemplify the value of co-ordination and well-balanced display. On the left, exquisitely coloured china is shown with delightful effect against a pale pastel wallpaper. The window, centre, is curtained with red and white stripes which challenge the colouring of the delicate china figures displayed against a dead white background. Extreme right is another view of the room on the extreme left.



If you are a newcomer to the problems of furnishing and decorating a home, set yourself some questions on the subject of good selection and wise budgeting. Here are some examples of the kind of queries to include in your self-set quiz.

That furniture can be practical as well as beautiful is proved by the two pictures left and below.

The bedroom was furnished with pieces of Eighteenth Century, Victorian and modern origin, each of which has been chosen for practical service, appearance value, and its proportions in relation to fellow furnishings.

The arm-chair in the picture below is from a recent exhibition of modern Swedish furniture design and exemplifies the developing trend towards the co-operation of scientific comfort, streamline efficiency, and graceful proportions.

TO achieve furnishing co-ordination, practicability, charm and individuality, the best way is to set yourself a quiz. Apply the question test to everything you buy, from the most important furnishings down to the last egg-whisk. This is the only way to avoid the higgledy-piggledy appearance in the makeshift furnishing schemes of to-day.

The order of the questions is no less important than the questions themselves. Start your quiz with the all-important query, HOW DOES IT LOOK?—bearing in mind that the answer must relate not only to the appearance of the piece itself, but to its looks *in relation* to the complete décor. Furniture, fabrics, ornaments may be good in themselves, but not so good in relation to the ensemble.

Next, DOES IT FULFIL MY NEEDS? Beauty and practicability must go together. The shape of a chair, the pattern of a fabric, even the design of individual kitchen utensils should be carefully studied. Every piece should fulfil its practical function to the uttermost without sacrificing appearance.

WILL IT WEAR? This is a question which is almost inseparable from that of general practicability, but it merits a paragraph to itself. Lasting qualities are more than ever essential in these times of difficult and expensive replacements.

IS IT GOOD VALUE? Cheapness is not always the most important factor. It is good economy in some cases to pay the highest price if value in the sense of beauty, comfort and durability can be justified. The secret of clever and successful budgeting is to be lavish where lavishness is wise and to economise where economy can do the most good.

INDOOR DRYING

At this time of year half-dried washing afflicts almost every household where laundry has to be done at home.

A gas-heated drying cabinet is an innovation worth considering if there is space in the house in which to fit one of the specially designed cupboards into which a small gas unit is fitted for heating purposes.

Another method less comprehensive, but useful as a stop-gap, makes it possible to adapt an existing clothes cupboard to purposes of drying. This is a neat little electric 100-watt heater which can be hung or hooked into any cupboard of suitable design. The heater measures only 8 ins. in length, is encased in a colour-sprayed metal holder, and costs only 13/6.

Nobody Told Me . . .

Ten hundred friends have given me advice, and all were cooks,
On cleaning I have read too many books.
Yet with all my pains, I have blocked the drains
And my silver dish smells strong of fish.
What none of my advisers told me
Has always been the thing that bowled me!

HOW haunting the smell of onion can be; but an oniony knife soon loses its tang if washed in cold water and rubbed with salt.

. . . how much seasoning it takes to " season " flour. Allow 1 level tablespoonful of salt, ¼ level teaspoonful of pepper to 4 ozs. flour.

. . . how quickly moths can ravage furs and woollens. Be vigilant and fight the brutes with insecticide or paradichlorbenzene. Prevention is better than cure.

. . . how to use gelatine. The recipes say blithely " add it." For other " sprogs " like me, the amount required is ½ oz. to a pint. It mixes best if soaked in a cold liquid for ten minutes first. Then add the hot mixture and stir until every particle is dissolved.

WHAT to do with a faded carpet. To revive those jaded spirits, sweep it thoroughly, then sprinkle evenly with salt and clean with a small brush and warm water dashed with vinegar.

. . . what to use to mend a torn umbrella. Adhesive tape is the answer here. You can buy it in dark colours or paint it yourself and stick neat patches on the inside over all the holes.

. . . what to do about cleaning upholstered furniture in a small flat. You beat it—but first cover each part with a damp cloth to catch the dust. (Those blessed with vacuum cleaners can skip this one.)

. . . what to use to prevent steamy windows. Treat your kitchen windows with the same mixture as your car windscreen—equal parts of glycerine and methylated spirits applied with a soft cloth.

THAT apples make your fingers black—unless they 're peeled and cut with stainless steel. A little soaking in lightly salted water will prevent them turning brown.

. . . that aluminium soon becomes pitted and rough unless it is dried very thoroughly.

. . . that polished mahogany scratches easily, but iodine painted on with a fine brush makes a wonderful camouflage.

. . . that fishy plates washed in hot water make a stink in the sink. Rinse them first in cold water and no one will complain.

ALWAYS to add a little sugar to savoury dishes and a little salt to sweet ones. This brings out the flavour.

. . . always to keep the drains clear of tea-leaves and odds and ends in the way of vegetable parings. I 've learnt my lesson!

. . . always to wash up as I work. This leaves the sink and table free for dishing up.

. . . always to look out for new recipes, and to read them right through before trying them!

NEVER to clean chromium-plate with harsh scouring powders. I learnt my lesson on the bathroom taps. An occasional rub over with a soft cloth is all that chromium needs.

. . . never to soak utensils used for flour mixtures, eggs, milk or porridge in anything but cold water. Hot water hardens these foods and makes them difficult to move.

. . . never to be too ambitious in my scale of entertaining. A perfect meal is bare compensation for an exhausted hostess.

. . . never to wash my silver-polishing chamois. The more seasoned it becomes, the better it polishes.

. . . always, when removing a stain with solvent, to lay a piece of blotting-paper under the material to absorb the grease and, at the same time, always to use a small piece of material for rubbing the stain as near as possible in colour and texture to the material you are working upon.

. . . always to remember that moths do *not* so readily attack clean fabric, and that if clothes have to be stowed away for any reason they should be sent to the cleaners first as a preventive measure.

BOOKS

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

NOW that we have developed an Empire conscience and may soon have little Empire on which to keep it "clean, bright, and slightly oiled," it is guiltily exciting to recall the days when we were naughty boys pushing Indian opium into China and waxing fat on the nefarious traffic. Focusing the 1830–1842 period at Canton in "Foreign Mud" (Faber, 21s.), Mr. Maurice Collis shames us with figures which show that in 1832 the East India Company's revenue from the drug trade was just under a million—about one-sixth of the whole Indian revenue—one commission firm alone handling up to 6,000 chests and making £100,000 per annum at about £20 profit per chest. He also reminds us that this led to the first Anglo-Chinese war of 1840. I might be more contrite about it all if I didn't feel that Mr. Collis thoroughly enjoys parading his smugglers, traders, priests, princes, officials against their exotic backcloth, and that old sins make admirable new books for such erudite historians.

This delightful book describes in text and pictures that little-known country, Korea, to which has been given the charming name, "The Land of Morning Calm"—a name that would tempt anyone to go there if it were not eleven thousand miles from Great Britain. With sixteen colour prints and twenty-four water colours in monochrome (Hutchinson, 42s.).

HOW innocent, by contrast, is Mrs. Mathena Blomefield's "Nuts in the Rookery" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), a homespun chronicle of Norfolk farm life in the eighties, with charming rustic drawings by Miss Mildred Eldridge. Nessel, whom we've already met in *The Bulleymung Pit*, moves happily through markets, auctions, weddings, harvest festivals, donkey races, family visits, and contacts countless creatures from hares and hedgehogs to Mr. Walker's old sow. Whatever the state of Norfolk's agriculture, it can certainly make two books grow where one grew before; Hardy's Wessex must look to its literary laurels.

IN Jewish stories we expect strong family life interest, with emphasis on children and grandchildren, and the problems and conflicts they bring. Miss B. Montagu Scott's "And, which, the Knave?" (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is among the best I have ever read. It has a rich clothier patriarch, Nathan Isaacson, who reminds me (happily) of Harry Green in *Fifty-Fifty*, the way he constantly says things like, "I'm going out from here to see if I can get myself put in some asylum, where it's quiet, so I can go mad in peace"; a matriarch, Leah, who cajoles, advises, rages at him in the dynastic troubles that assail his poor head. The build-up of characters, situations, is terrific; the whole book vibrates with raw instinctive life. No wonder its author uses dots . . . so lavishly; the Isaacson's obviously . . . obsess her, and she is in a fever to get them all in . . . somehow. . . .

A DELICIOUSLY common trouper of the Old Bedford, Camden Town, who becomes Gaiety Girl, then Marchioness, then Duchess of Edwardian society, never quite outliving her sharp tongue . . . what more would you for a gay Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon burlesque? "Trottie True" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) is a bric-a-brac period piece so true to type that she has a love affair with a balloonist, and comes down wiser than she went up, which shows that balloons sometimes competed with bicycles-made-for-two and hansom cabs. Since fashion, too, is reviving the Edwardian, this low-busted romance should be much in the library *mode*.

TROUPERS of a later kind—in a cosmopolitan revue and circus—live their loves, hates, joys and sorrows in Miss Winifred Bambrick's "Continental Revue" (Faber, 9s. 6d.). Who are we to complain that the stage is too crowded with too many artists of too many nationalities? The author was there, sharing digs and trains and cheap cafes with them; (*Continued on page 76*)

Two Poets

RECENT upheavals seem to have induced Mr. Walter de la Mare to ponder the ultimate fate of Man and Earth, their destruction or redemption. The fruit of it all is a new long allegorical poem, **"The Traveller"** (Faber, 7s. 6d.), in which a lone rider through a cosmic chaos as terrifyingly desolate as that of *Kubla Khan* is Earth's envoy at a vast reshaping of the universe:

In this oblivion he dreamed a dream:
He dreamed the transitory host of men,
Debased by pride, lust, greed and self-esteem,
Had gone their way; that Earth was freed again.

From this rebirth the poet evolves his philosophy of beauty with something of the organ-music of Milton, the symbolism of Blake—and none of the frail, spectral piping of *The Listeners*. Mr. John Piper's intense colour-drawings warn us to expect heavier going with this traveller.

Neither is the going easy with Mr. Stephen Spender's **"Poems of Dedication"** (Faber, 6s.), thanks to his probing, anatomical metaphor and imagery. Poetry can be a striving towards the lucid and crystalline—"I wandered lonely as a cloud"—or the complicated and esoteric. The latter is the modern way, and Mr. Spender's in this first selection for five years. We have to dig for his mind's beauty; it does not dance with the daffodils. Six are an elegy for Margaret Spender, who died on Christmas Day, 1945. Another group is dedicated to fellow-poet Cecil Day Lewis.

Home Woods From

An estate timber yard.
The logs are mostly oak

ABOUT sixty per cent of feminine shoe heels are of beech, and shoe manufacturers continue to suffer from the shortage of beechwood. Inquiries were recently made about certain beech trees in Lincolnshire, but "Authority" replied that any available beech timber there was reserved for the priority task of making bobbins for fishing nets.

That small item of news, which appeared within a few days of the big forestry debate in Parliament, provided a homely illustration of what forestry is about. The first object of woods and forests is, or should be, to provide us with the timber we need.

This is not, however, the place to discuss such important products as pit-props, railway sleepers and telegraph poles. These things are, like building timbers, major products of the conifer forests, and they would need a whole book: here it must suffice to say that, however much people dislike pines and spruces, softwood timber is a vital necessity, and it is fortunate indeed that we can grow good conifers on land so poor that neither oak nor beech would develop into timber upon it. But it may be interesting to glance briefly at some of the secondary "utilizations" of timber in house and garden.

The beech required for shoe heels is also one of the most popular of all furniture timbers. It is grown in large quantities on the Chilterns, near the great furniture-making centre of High Wycombe, and it is used either naturally, or stained to simulate mahogany, or (within recent times) in plywood. Waste beechwood is one of the best of firewoods, but a fire made continuously of beech is liable to leave an inflammable residue inside the chimney.

(On left)
A Windsor chair of yew with a beautifully figured elm seat
(On right)
A chair made from applewood

Small kneehole sidetable, made of fruitwood. The candlesticks are of the same wood and the tazza is of lignum vitae, a foreign wood

A small chest of drawers and reading lamp, both of yew. This timber is very hard and extremely beautiful, but it is difficult to work

ANOTHER wood recently in the the news is willow. Not many years ago this country had about 9,000 acres of land (much of it in Somerset) devoted to osiers and basket-willows. Now the figure is barely 2,000 acres—and we import large quantities of expensive basket-willows from the Argentine! Basket willows, grown in one to two years, may seem scarcely worthy of the name of timber, but other willows yield the wood needed for artificial limbs, clothes pegs and cricket bats. Cricket bat willows have been planted in fairly large quantities in recent times (they are mature in under twenty years: female trees of the blue variety of the white willow make the best bats), but unhappily they are subject to a disease which renders them fit only for such humble purposes as making paper or punnets—the small baskets in which strawberries and raspberries are sold from under the counter.

The Home Forests

Familiar Everyday Things That Once Formed Parts Of Growing Trees

By J. D. Ward

This gateleg table has a beautiful figured elm top, and the frame and legs are of fruitwood

(*On left*)
A fine specimen of a sixteenth century oak double flap table

Punnets and "chip" baskets are also made of poplar, perhaps the quickest-growing if not the quickest-maturing of all home timbers. Much poplar is used for floors: it is a poor-burning wood (hence partly its suitability for flooring) and when used for making matches it is impregnated with wax or oil. Its resistance to friction makes it suitable for brake-blocks, and during the war poplar was used for laminated belt-pulleys.

MANY dance floors are made of imported Canadian birch. Now birch is a most interesting tree for the forester, especially since large areas of birch forest in Canada and New England have recently been devastated by disease. In this country the cultivation of birch has usually been neglected, but its utility as plywood may now give it new values. Cotton and silk reels are usually made of birch. The same wood is employed in furniture.

While birch has been neglected in Britain, ash has always been regarded as a high-quality and most useful timber. Ash is employed in aircraft, cars, lorries and buses, and during the war Britain even made snowshoes and sledge-runners of English ash for export to Russia. The finest quality ash normally goes into tennis racquets and other "sports goods," but some is used in furniture—for example, for the bows of bow-back Windsor chairs. For this same purpose yew is sometimes employed—as it was in the eighteenth century. Yew, pear and cherry are among the woods from which pipes were made during the war, when the French bruyère or briar root was unobtainable. Yew is to be seen in many parts of England, as a common tree in churchyards and elsewhere, but it is pre-eminently a tree of the chalk-lands. The timber is very hard and extremely beautiful, but it is difficult to work, and pieces of large size are not often obtainable. Therefore it is a relatively uncommon furniture wood, except in Windsor chairs, whose legs and bent bow backs are often of yew.

The fruitwoods generally were much used in the past by chair and cabinet makers, and they are still employed in small quantities. Applewood is specially liked for making skittles—but this is an orchard rather than a forest product. Back in the forest we find that good oak is in demand for making beer barrels: at the present time the shortage of beer barrels is inconveniencing a great number of people, and a little while ago herring-curers were complaining that they had no oak chips or sawdust with which to smoke herrings and kippers.

Beer barrels, incidentally, are often bunged with birch, but for oil casks bungs of limewood may be preferred. Lime is also used for making matches, and occasionally for knitting pins. In the past it was the favourite wood for ornate carving: much of Grinling Gibbons' work is in lime. As a tree the lime is quick growing, and its flowers are beloved of honey-bees.

Elm is a wood of many uses—weather-boards, furniture and coffins suggest only three of its employments. For certain purposes, such as the seats of chairs, and for the round or bun feet of other furniture, it is often preferred to the more valuable oak, because it is less inclined to split. Any one short of shoes because beech is going to the net-makers may recall that elm was largely used for trawl-bobbins during the war! Elm has also been used, like alder, sycamore and one or two other species, for clog soles.

From plane trees (which one associates with the town rather than the country) comes some of the fine veneers to be seen in pianos (*Continued on page 72*)

The two-tier round table is made of oak and fruitwood and the fine armchair is of ash, elm and fruitwood

The Search for Glamour

ON the hall table there was a message marked urgent, asking me to telephone the hospital as soon as possible, and while dialling the number I had visions of retrieving my uniform which had been put away four months previously, and going on duty to replace a nurse who had gone sick. Then I heard Matron's voice saying: "I thought you would like to know that there are some beautiful roll-on's for sale in Regent Street. They have a satin front and back piece and lace elastic at the sides." She added: "They are expensive—95s. 3d., and three coupons, and they look too good to be true. But I thought you had better see for yourself."

The result of this conversation was that we went out shopping together and combined business with pleasure. The roll-on's were all that she said they were, and the saleswoman boasted that they had them in all sizes. There was a shorter model with sturdier elastic at the sides, satin back and front for about 67s.; and excellent for day wear. Puffed up with success we proceeded to my favourite shop in Piccadilly where we found some luxurious brassieres in net, reinforced with an uplift section of stitched satin. They are called "Caprice" and cost £1 0s. 3d. each. At the same time, I heard rumours that the Kestos brassiere will soon be on the market again. . . .

At this point Matron remarked that she needed some lamp shades for the nurses' sitting-room, and some screw-on towel rails for the nurses' bedrooms. We found a good selection of towel rails in Oxford Street, chromium plated, very solid and shiny-looking, costing about 17s. 6d. We chose, however, a less expensive towel rail in aluminium, coloured blue, or a soft shade of pinky-brown in two lengths—18 in. price 5s. 9d., 24 in. price 8s. 6d.—including the matching screws. You can also find bakelite towel rails for a few shillings and in all colours.

LUCK was with us that day, for we had the choice of a large selection of lamp shades. Plain parchment, with a tiny flat gold edge and adjustable fittings for hanging or stand-lamps at 6s. 6d.; and off-white parchment, each one painted with a different flower for 19s. 3d. each. These also had adjustable fittings.

WHAT a pity it is that chiropodists are too proud to do pedicure. There are any number of good chiropodists who will deal with corns and callouses, and ingrowing toenails; and the chiropodist will clip and file your toenails while dealing with your feet. But I have only met one who will also go so far as to give you the pedicure, which will make your feet look nice as well as feel easy—and I have lost track of her. So it was a pleasure which I discovered that I could get both chiropody and pedicure at Elizabeth Arden, where I found a chiropodist's room well equipped with everything from the usual trolley to the drill used for painless treatment of ingrowing toenails; fibro gadgets, and radiant heat lamp. Here, they gave excellent chiropody for 10s. 6d. and a pedicure cost 9s., including the nail varnish. You can, of course, have a pedicure without the chiropody.

While I was there I saw the newest Arden make-up, called "Drama," which is a deep velvety crimson shade. You can get lipstick, rouge, and an eye-shadow to go with them. The eye-shadow is a muted green-brown, which can be worn either by day or night.

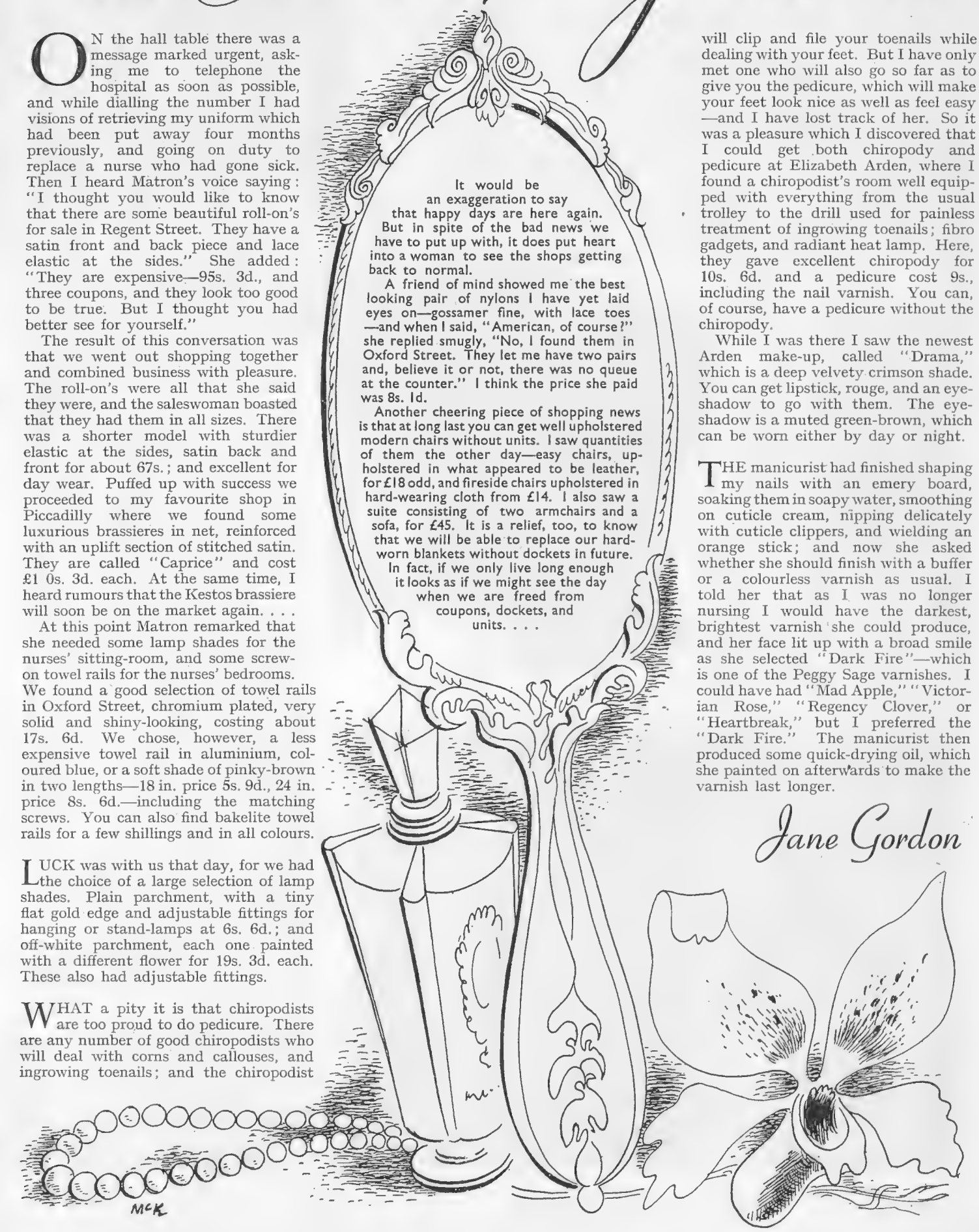
THE manicurist had finished shaping my nails with an emery board, soaking them in soapy water, smoothing on cuticle cream, nipping delicately with cuticle clippers, and wielding an orange stick; and now she asked whether she should finish with a buffer or a colourless varnish as usual. I told her that as I was no longer nursing I would have the darkest, brightest varnish she could produce, and her face lit up with a broad smile as she selected "Dark Fire"—which is one of the Peggy Sage varnishes. I could have had "Mad Apple," "Victorian Rose," "Regency Clover," or "Heartbreak," but I preferred the "Dark Fire." The manicurist then produced some quick-drying oil, which she painted on afterwards to make the varnish last longer.

Jane Gordon

It would be an exaggeration to say that happy days are here again. But in spite of the bad news we have to put up with, it does put heart into a woman to see the shops getting back to normal.

A friend of mind showed me the best looking pair of nylons I have yet laid eyes on—gossamer fine, with lace toes—and when I said, "American, of course?" she replied smugly, "No, I found them in Oxford Street. They let me have two pairs and, believe it or not, there was no queue at the counter." I think the price she paid was 8s. 1d.

Another cheering piece of shopping news is that at long last you can get well upholstered modern chairs without units. I saw quantities of them the other day—easy chairs, upholstered in what appeared to be leather, for £18 odd, and fireside chairs upholstered in hard-wearing cloth from £14. I also saw a suite consisting of two armchairs and a sofa, for £45. It is a relief, too, to know that we will be able to replace our hard-worn blankets without dockets in future. In fact, if we only live long enough it looks as if we might see the day when we are freed from coupons, dockets, and units. . . .



Some ingenious colour effects combined with clever sewing invest commonplace materials with a dramatic quality. Pompons of rug wool in contrasting colours are used here to transform hessian

Curtains Without Coupons

Now that spring refurbishings are in the air, everybody is looking for new curtain materials. Here are some suggestions for solving the coupon problem.

Hessian takes on the quality of an expensive handwoven material when enriched with little pompons of rug wool, stitched at intervals over the surface. A draped pelmet caught with large pompons completes the scheme.

A novel decoration for staircase or landing windows can be made from tassel-ended ropes or cords, gracefully draped at the sides. Illustration right.

Couponless house or floor cloth material in off-white weave or jute canvas makes attractive curtaining, in natural colour or dyed to match your scheme. The material is narrow and will have to be joined to obtain the required width, but a charming striped effect is achieved by stitching lengths of braid over the seams. The braid is also used to make the frogged trimming to the pelmet as seen below.

A good way of using the best parts of old chintz curtains is to elongate the pelmet at the sides down to the window sill, making a frame for curtains of frilled net or scrim.

In the absence of chintz or patterned fabric, figured plastic materials make good curtains. Their transparency can be overcome by lining them with one of the uncouponed materials which are referred to on this page

JACK DARE

The New Long Jacket

MATERIALS:
10 oz. of Jester 3-ply wool.
1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 13 knitting needles.
10 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:
Length from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 24½ ins.
Width across underarms, 17 ins. (back).
Width underarm of half front (with edge), 9½ ins.
Underarm of sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSIONS:
9 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 rows. (k. 2 sts. tog.). (129 sts.)

Work in the following pattern.

1st row.—K. 3, * p. 3, k. 3. Repeat from * to end of row.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. 2, * k. 3, p. 3. Repeat from * ending p. 2, k. 1 instead of p. 3.

3rd and 4th rows.—As 1st row. These 4 rows form pattern.

Continue until 6 ins. from the cast on edge. Change to No. 13 needles and work 2½ ins. k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change back to No. 10 needles and main pattern and continue until work measures 17½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. (*Continued on page 70*)

ABBREVIATIONS:
K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; sts. = stitches; dec. = decrease; inc. = increase; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.

In Navy And White

MATERIALS:
3 oz. of La Laine 3-ply White wool.
3 oz. of La Laine 3-ply Navy wool.
1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles.
3 buttons.
No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS:
Length from the top of shoulder to lower edge, 13 ins.
Across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.
Length of sleeve (underarm), 5½ ins.

TENSION:
9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. with navy wool.

Rib in k. 1, p. 1. for 3½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and white wool with a k. row. (Cast on 1 stitch), (101 sts.)

Continue in pattern as follows :

1st row.—* k. 1, p. 2, k. 5, p. 2. Repeat from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

2nd row.—p. 2, * k. 2, p. 3. Repeat from * to the last 4 sts., k. 2, p. 2.

3rd row.—K. 3, * p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 5. Repeat from * to the last 8 sts., p. 2, k. 1, p. 2, k. 3.

4th row.—P. 4, * k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 7. Repeat from * to the last 7 sts., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 4.

These 4 rows form pattern.

Work 8 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of the next (*Continued on page 70*)

Pastel blue figures prominently among the new season's colours. Both dresses illustrated here are in this shade which is so becoming both to blondes and brunettes. In the Wolsey Utility dress below, which is of fine jersey, pastel blue is teamed with brown, which appears on the shoulders and as an outline to the large patch pockets. The Brenner Sports jumper suit, right, also a Utility model in the same colour, is in wool crepe with five bows on the bodice and a double pleat at one side of the skirt

The off-the-face bonnet, immediately below, is in stone felt with outsize feather pom-poms ideal to top off a new spring dress or suit. The straw boater, below, has a frill of stiffened lace, very flattering as a frame to the face

Spotlight On Pastel Blue

Winds Of March

THE renowned English complexion stands up to most things except the harsh winds of early spring. It is then, unless care is taken, that little veins tend to develop (they are not easily cured) and roughness, redness and other blemishes make their appearance.

"Shall I wash my face with soap and water?" is a question which many women ask themselves at this time of the year. The answer should be "yes," even if the skin tends to dryness. The skin needs this kind of cleansing at least once each day.

In addition it is helpful to use creams, but the natural form of cleansing with a really reliable brand of bland soap and plenty of tepid water, preferably soft, is essential to give the skin a *live* glowing appearance and a youthful bloom. Many a woman in her middle years with a really good, firm skin attributes it to her daily soap and water routine.

Wash the face at bedtime using a good lather, and work it gently into the skin with the tips of the fingers. Rinse thoroughly and dry very carefully.

Next, apply a good cleansing cream and work it thoroughly into the skin with an upwards movement, except on the nose where downward strokes are best. Leave on for a few moments and then remove with wads of cotton wool soaked in a gentle skin tonic, or warm water. This additional cleansing is particularly essential where the heavier types of foundation creams or lotions are used. Remember that those preparations need to be carefully removed. Never sleep with cream on the face. Skins need to breathe.

Two or three times a week in cold weather a good massaging with a nourishing skin food will help to remove the flakes of dead skin which are so unsightly. Warm a dessertspoonful of cleansing cream by working it in the palm of the hand and then massaging gently into the skin. When this is absorbed and not before apply more. See how it is absorbed by the hungry tissues. Wipe off any excess before getting into bed. A little extra gentle tapping round the eyes where lines and crow's feet appear is beneficial. Take special care not to stretch the skin in this part.

In the morning splash the face with tepid water and dry carefully, using the same gentle upwards movements as when massaging the skin with cream.

After a week of such treatment any complexion which has been looking sluggish should begin to show a brighter bloom and a firmer texture. It should be ready to take make-up with a smooth well-groomed effect.

This picture and the one below are of Jean Simmons, the seventeen-year-old star of *Great Expectations* and *Uncle Silas*, a model of vivacity and young beauty for the teen-ager

The first and most important part of the make-up routine for cold days—is a warm-toned foundation. It should either be a cream or a creamy lotion. Some of these look rather dark in the pot or bottle, but lighter on the skin. Try out the colour on the back of the hand before buying to be sure of getting the right tone for your particular skin.

Apply your foundation very sparingly—not direct from the container—but by using the palm of the hand as a kind of palette. Then allow a few moments before putting on rouge. A clear-toned shade like cherry, or one without too much mauve in it, is good for cold days. Use it sparingly in any case. A smooth filmy base will then be ready for the powder, which should be a fine one and in a warm shade, like apricot or peach. Avoid sun-tan shades in the cold as they are inclined to take on a (*Continued on page 74*)

Care Of The Hands

HANDS are poor neglected things since hand creams have been hard to get, but fortunately hand lotions are beginning to appear again, and regular treatment quickly restores the damage.

First rules of hand care date from childhood and that is to dry them thoroughly. Careless drying more than any other thing causes chapping and roughness, particularly in frosty weather. After washing always massage the hands, *downwards* from finger-tips to wrist, with a nourishing creamy lotion. There is an excellent one on the market again, non-greasy, and very soothing.

Keep a bottle in the kitchen if you do your own housework and use it liberally. Wear an old pair of loose gloves for almost any household job and so spare the hands from contact with dust and dirt as much as possible. The same applies to gardening. Wear gloves, even though they do impede your progress and before putting them on rub a hand lotion or cream well into the hands, particularly round the nails and cuticles.

If the nails break easily, try cutting them shorter for a while and take a course of calcium to strengthen them. Diet deficiencies have caused many people to suffer with softening and splitting nails. Keep the treatment going for a month or so to show really good results.

Young And Lovely

THERE are few tasks in life more pleasant or more challenging to all mothers than that of assisting a teen-age girl to lay the foundations of health and loveliness.

Fortunately the modern mothers' outlook in this connection is realistic and unbiased by any fears of vanity. Beauty and health are priceless possessions for any woman. They are more easily acquired in youth than at any other time. The girl herself must co-operate to achieve the best results, and no false notions of vanity should be allowed to prevent her taking an intelligent and helpful interest in the development of her looks.

Skin troubles present the first adolescent beauty problems. Acne is prevalent at the age of puberty, but though it can be regarded as a phase which frequently passes and leaves no trace it is not safe to leave things to chance.

Treatment is essential, even for the milder cases of acne which confine themselves to spots and open pores.

The teen-agers' diet must include plenty of raw vegetables and salads and as much fruit as possible. Like American girls do, at least one meal of the day should include a salad of lettuce leaves, finely shredded cabbage, shredded carrot and chopped apple when possible. This should be eaten *without* bread.

Fresh vegetables are important in the diet, but potatoes should be kept down as far as possible. An abundance of starch is not good for teen-agers. There is fresh fruit about now and more to come, all of which helps to make up the vitamin quota so essential to good health and beauty for the young.

Sallow, spotty skins are often traceable to constipation. This must be dealt with, not by dosing so much as by careful diet and daily exercises designed to stimulate flabby abdominal muscles.

Purely local treatment for the spotty adolescent skin consists in using a good medicated antiseptic preparation (I can tell you of an excellent one), absolute skin cleanliness and light friction designed to stimulate circulation around the affected parts.

Cleanliness, in fact, is all-important. A *good* skin is a *clean* skin. The importance of the daily bath cannot be overstressed. Not just a half-hearted splash but a (*Continued on page* 74)

Health And Beauty By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of the exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

TOWNS and cities are teeming with people for whom the mid-day meal is a daily problem. Crowded restaurants, indifferent menus, time shortages, pile themselves up in such a formidable way that many women have given up the unequal struggle and resort more and more to hasty snacks at a sandwich bar, or a "bite of something" in the office.

From the health point of view—from every point of view—this is bad policy. After an early start to the day, perhaps a hurried breakfast, such meals are insufficient, more especially when the evening meal at home may not always be of the most substantial kind. The inevitable result is indigestion, general run-downness—later possibly something more serious.

Packed lunches from home are a practical solution. Troublesome they may be, for a busy woman, but I maintain that the effort required to devise and pack a tasty mid-day lunch for the office is justified in every case. Anyway, why not try it for a while and check up on the results?

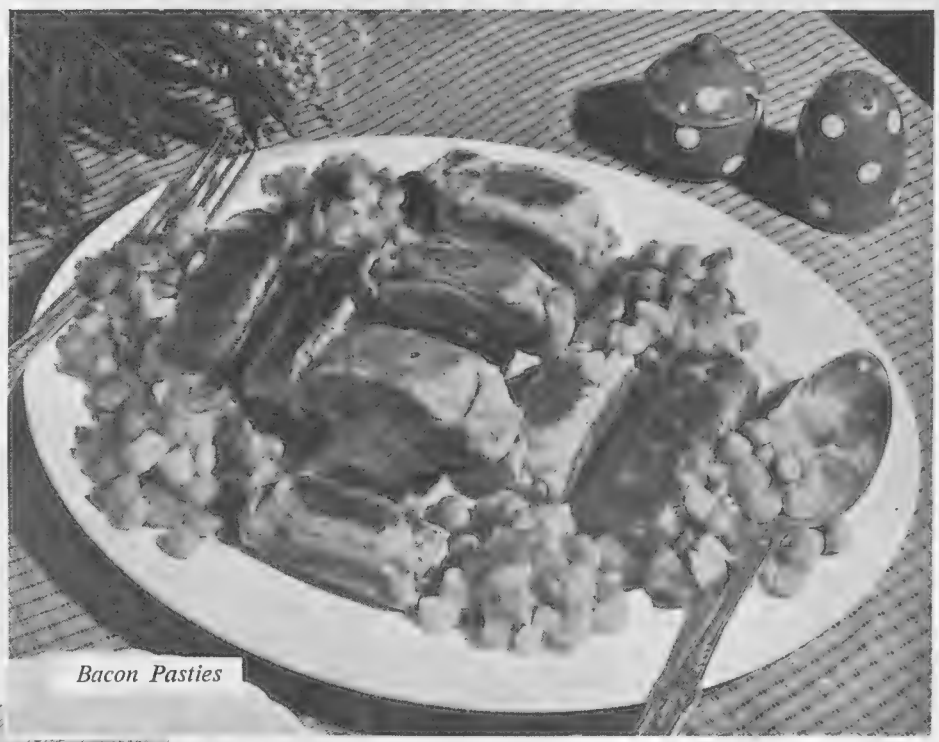
FRUIT and salads are refreshing, wholesome, and for those who lead sedentary lives in offices, an essential source of vitamins. Green salads and fruit of some kind are almost always available now. Incorporated in sandwiches, they are satisfying as well.

A handful of raisins eaten with a slice of brown or wholemeal bread is an excellent and most sustaining food and if you are sufficiently strong-minded to save some of your sweet ration for the purpose, a small piece of plain chocolate makes a good dessert.

In making sandwiches vary the bread as well as the filling as much as possible. Brown bread, white bread, rye bread

Bacon As A Main Meal

SINCE the latest cut the bacon ration is so small that ways and means of inflating it are of interest to every woman who keeps house. Some are finding it more satisfactory to take the bacon ration in a piece every few weeks. This way, at least, one gets enough to taste, even though it is infrequently. Bacon in combination with other things, with pastry for instance, or macaroni still further helps to make ends meet. Here are several economical and tasty ways of presenting bacon either as a whole piece or otherwise, in such a way as to provide a main meal.


Bacon Pasties

Boiled Bacon

BOILED BACON

A good sauce will make plain boiled bacon into an exciting meal. Put your piece of bacon into a saucepan. Just cover with water and bring to the boil, adding one onion and one carrot. Let simmer until the bacon, pricked with a fork, is tender right through. Strain, keeping the liquid as a foundation for soup. Serve with well mashed potatoes and a sherry sauce made as follows: Fry one sliced onion, one chopped carrot and 2 oz. of mushrooms in 2 oz. of fat. Stir in 4 dessertspoonfuls of flour then add 3 cupfuls of meat stock and bring to the boil. Let simmer 10-15 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pass the sauce through a sieve, add salt and pepper to taste and one sherry-glass of sherry.

PASTRY SQUARE

Rub 1 oz. of fat in 4 oz. of flour. Add a pinch of salt and just enough water to have a soft dough. Knead well, roll out thinly (twice as long as wide), and cover just under one half of it with rashers of uncooked bacon. On top of these spread a layer of mashed potato, then some thin slices of corned beef, and again potato. Repeat the layers once more in the same order, fold the other half of the pastry over the top, stick the

LUNCH

and milk loaves can all have their turn.

Meat when you have it to spare should be cut as thin as possible, vary it with flaked and creamed cold fish, skinned and boned sardine, grated cheese, potted meats, jam, etc. On the other hand, sausage rolls, patties (made with short crust in preference to flakey, which crumbles), potato and bacon rissoles vary the monotony of the sandwich lunch.

PACK your lunch with a well thought out variety of food rather than with only one kind, even if there is only a very little of each. Appetite flags when confronted with sandwiches, all of one kind.

Prepare your lunch overnight. This is the only way to get it done well. Sandwiches keep fresh if wrapped in greaseproof paper; the same goes for cake and rissoles, but for anything made with pastry, a tin is essential.

If cold soup or cold coffee is included, either may be left ready in the thermos overnight but don't on any account cork it up.

Here are one or two epicurean sandwiches which, if you haven't already thought of them for yourselves, may make quite a difference to your luncheon.

Make several slices of dry toast; the bread should be cut fairly thick, and the toast should not be too dry. With a sharp pointed knife split the toast open carefully. Butter the untoasted sides and spread with salmon and shrimp paste, season with cayenne and a drop or two of lemon juice, cover with other half of the toast, press and cut into neat fingers. Toast made thus is useful for tomato and ham, cucumber and salmon; kippered herring, or sardine sandwiches.

Thin slices of pickled beetroot, seasoned with salt and a very little mustard make an uncommon filling for sandwiches, as also do thin slices of bread and butter spread with anchovy paste and carefully picked watercress leaves.

Harriet Muir

edges together with a little water, place on a greased roasting tin and bake, in a medium oven, until golden brown.

BACON PASTIES

Allow one rasher of bacon per person. Roll it round a piece of liver sausage and carefully fold round it a piece of pastry dough. Bake in a fairly hot oven until golden brown. Serve either hot with a dish of mixed vegetables or cold with a green salad.

ROAST BACON

If you take your ration in a piece put it in a greased roasting tin in a hot oven. Baste frequently with meat stock, not with fat. Remember that the time required for roasting is the same as for pork. Peel and boil some whole potatoes and when barely soft transfer them to the roasting tin. Serve the bacon surrounded by the potatoes and sprinkled with parsley. Serve the gravy separately in a sauce boat, adding salt and pepper to taste.

Pastry Square

Two Ways With Rhubarb

Cut thin slices of bread. Remove the crust and cut each slice into fingers. Dip them in melted margarine and line a soufflé dish with them. Fill with layers of pieces of rhubarb, washed and uncooked, sugar and bread fingers dipped in melted margarine, the top layer being bread. Put in a medium oven until the bread is toasted.

As a Jelly

Wash, peel and cut into small pieces enough rhubarb to pack tightly into two tumblers. Peel three oranges. Cut the peel into thin strips and then the oranges into thin slices, removing the pips. Put all into a saucepan with ¾ lb. of sugar. Bring slowly to the boil. Continue boiling, testing as for ordinary jelly and proceed as usual.

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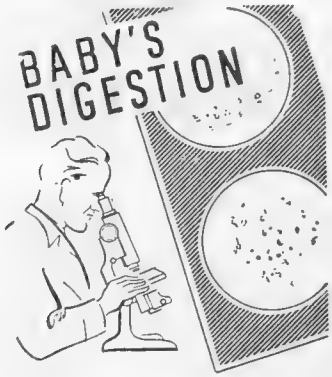

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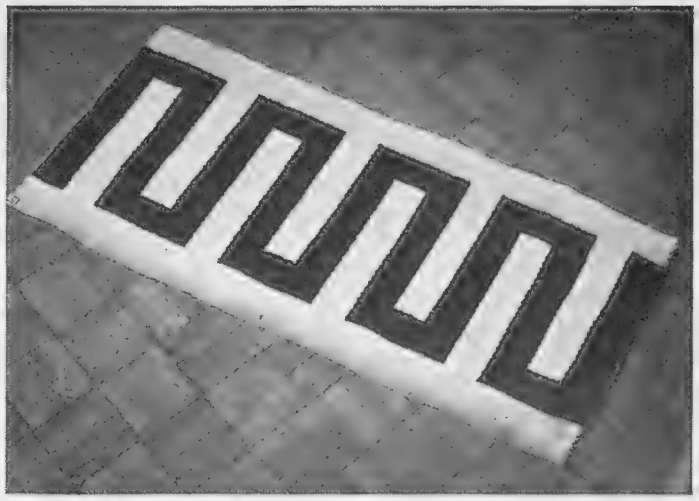
Pictures On The Floor



Striking simplicity of design is the keynote of this hand-woven rug by Morfudd Roberts

IT is quite the usual thing to decorate walls with pictures, but has it ever occurred to you that it is also possible to have pictures on the floor?

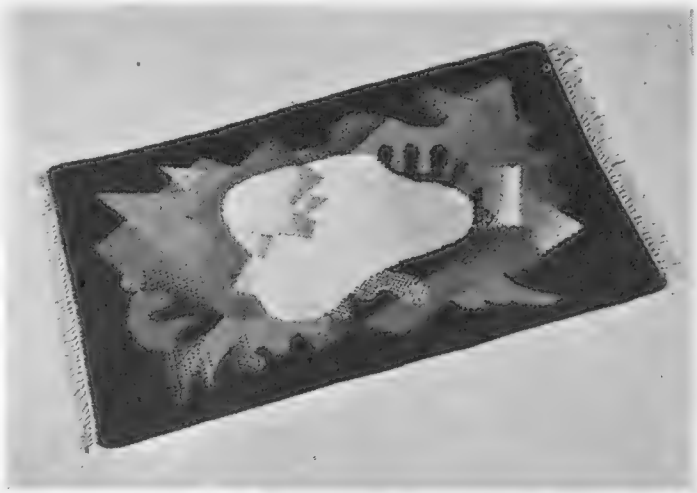
The designing of rugs and carpets has limitations, due to the practical nature of carpeting which makes certain objects unsuitable for use as ornamental motifs.

Clearly the designers of the rugs illustrated understand these limitations. Two are excellent specimens of purely geometrical treatment, and the third, in soft pastel shades, is extremely effective.

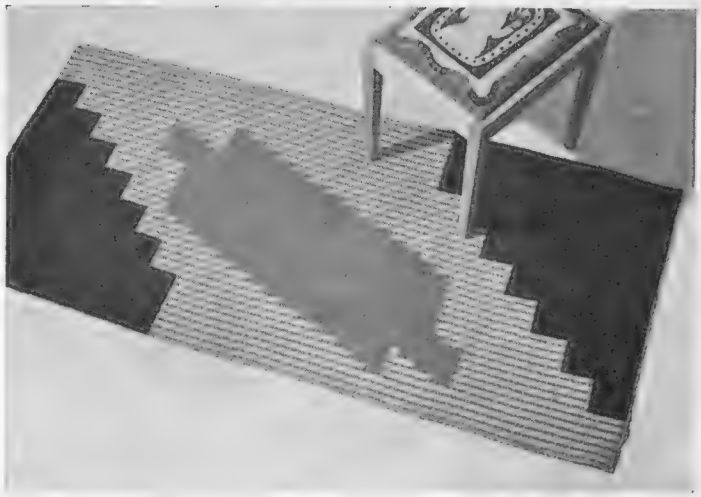
One obvious advantage of rugs is that they dispense with full-sized carpets. They can be laid just where they are wanted—and in these days of acute shortages in relation to all other forms of floor covering, they do offer, in combination with stained or painted boards, a practical solution of the problem.

It is, of course, quite possible again to make a hand-made rug yourself. Rug wool can be bought again in limited quantities. The popular method of rug making is by knotting short lengths of wool through holes in a specially prepared canvas. You can, however, use coarse hessian or knit your own backing using strong wool or fine string, knitting loosely to give a rectangular mesh.

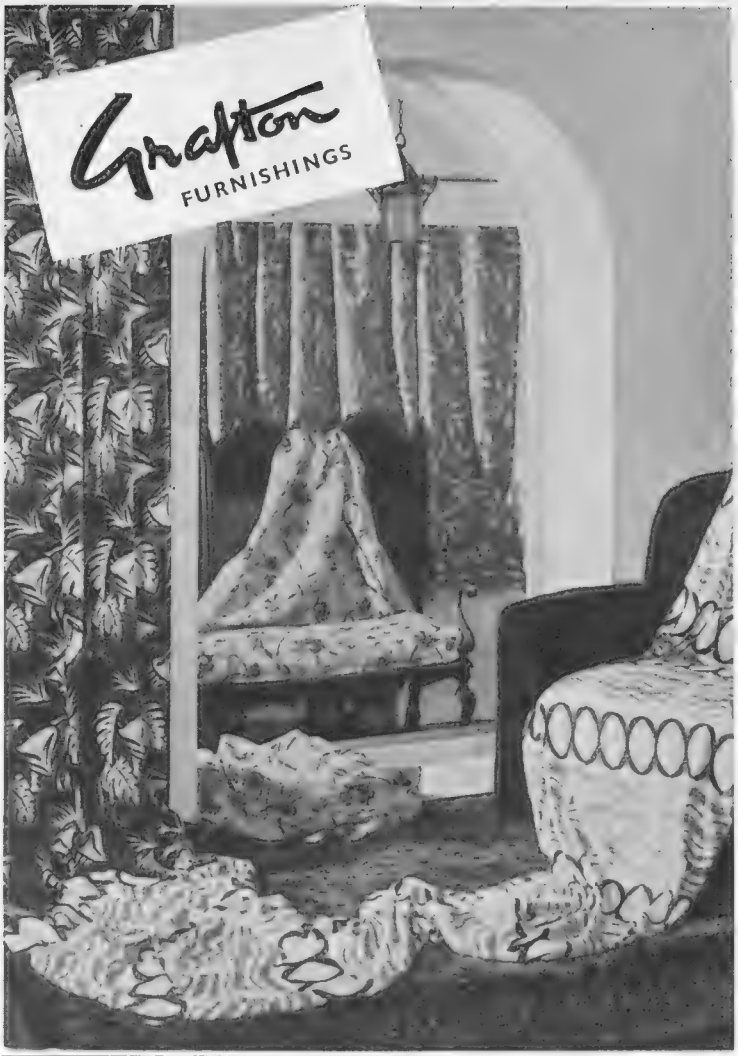
But this is not the only system. Another method is somewhat like *petit point* work on a larger scale. There is also the tufting method, or, alternatively, knitting. The same wool as for the knotting method is used for knitting with, of course, very large needles (size six is generally recommended). Both the *petit point* and the knitting method give rugs without a pile, but both are very durable and lend themselves to some original effects.



Post-Impressionist design in soft pastel shades designed by Jan Buchanan, executed by Kathleen Buchanan



On right: Elaborate geometrical design in four colours by Morfudd Roberts



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History By The Wayside

(*Continued from page 24*)

Sign posts too were rare. Some were erected by private persons. The Duke of Newcastle put up a series of rebus milestones between his Sussex home and London. Embossed in Sussex iron is a true lovers' knot and five bells, surmounted by a number—thus reading "So-many miles to Bow Bells." Another series, bearing the arms of the college was erected by Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

While on the subject of roads, it will be remembered that it was not only suicides who were buried at the cross roads. Highwaymen were often buried at the crossing of roads near the scene of their crimes. Tom Long's Post, on Minchinhampton Common, Gloucester, marks such a grave, at the same time giving profuse directions to travellers.

Round houses, as the local lock-ups were called, are to be found; stone-built buildings, often devoid of light, heat or ventilation.

Their sports too were robust. A quintain may be seen at Offham, Kent. This is a post, with a pivoted bar on the top. On one end of the bar is a board. This board had to be struck by a horseman riding at full speed with a pole or lance. Unless he rode fast he was struck in the back by a bag of sand hung on the opposite end of the bar.

Passers-by at Dallington, in Sussex, may note a curious erection in a field. It looks like a church spire and that is exactly what it is meant to represent. The Squire of Dallington when out at dinner made a bet he could see the spire of Dallington church from his house. On returning home and finding he could not see it, he set masons to work to build this replica of the spire against the skyline—and so won his bet!

Were our forebears perhaps more original than we are? Cambridge commemorates another queer personage, namely Thomas Hobson, a liveryman. He was the original of the saying "Hobson's Choice," because he always made his customers "choose" the horse nearest the door.

END

The Promise

(*Continued from page 12*)

explanations to mother. A girl at the office gave her an alibi when she needed one.

Naughty adventure rather than any wantonness carried her happily away to join Stephen when she had finished a day's work, and the next day she would be in the office again and at lunch with mother, laughing over her secret, renewed in youth by her escape into an utterly different fairy world. Everyday love could not be like that. Besides, everyday love, even with Robert, had its little reticences and jealousies. But Stephen created a world in which they were only lovers, with no families, no responsibilities, no thought of money, no war, no fear, no work in it. Outside that world he claimed none of her life; she could tell him anything without a second's shame. That was pure fairy-tale; and, within the bounds of their fairyland, pure happiness.

She even told him: "Some day I shall tell Robert about all this. I promised."

"Sure it won't hurt him? Husbands don't always manage to live up to their own sound ideas."

"Robert's really almost as wise as you. He knew I wouldn't be able to live like a nun for years. He'll be glad I found someone sensible who doesn't go all emotional and heart-broken and home wrecking. But will you mind?"

"If you can tell an obviously grand husband about me, I should be a little proud, and very humble."

"Why humble, silly? You've kept me sane. Robert ought to be grateful."

It all seemed easy with Sunday morning tea in dainty cups and an extravagant bunch of grapes and no need to get up till lunch time.

THE fairy-tale lasted for over a year until Stephen went away as suddenly as he had come. She knew that he wanted to go back to sea. She convinced herself that she was glad it was happening like this, otherwise she would never be able to give him up. If only once he had been silly and pleaded with her to run away with him she felt he might have broken the spell. But he only said on their last night together: "This address will always find me sooner or later. If you ever want a friend and you think I can help, write to me."

She made up her mind that she must never write. It had been a year's heaven. Now the fairy-tale book must go back on to the shelf.

But when he had gone she wanted him back as she had never wanted Robert. She still wanted him back nearly four years later when it was almost time to tell Robert the truth.

She took her promise very seriously. She felt that all the happiness of life with Robert depended on her courage to keep it. But it was frightening. She wanted to be all Robert's, to be able to say, "Cure me of this silly dream. I know that real life can't be lived that way, and our love belongs to real life." But real life was the first winter of cheerless peace, the hopeless search for a home of their own. Robert restless and threatening to give up a city salary for a gamble on a smallholding. It would be cruel to tell him, yet she could not love him as she wanted to until she had been honest with him.

After a squabble with Robert, which she knew was her fault, she wrote to Stephen. "Hullo, stranger, I don't want you to do anything, but I want some friendly advice—" He might have forgotten her, he might be at sea, he might be dead. But a letter came, inviting her to lunch. She had to lie to Robert about it.

But the freedom to tell Stephen anything was still there. It did not take her long to find that she could say to him: "You see, darling, the impossibility about telling Robert isn't that it was cheap, but that it was so beautiful. I'd reckoned that I might have to confess; and coming clean is good for girls like me. But boasting's different, especially when things are as sticky as they are just now."

"You're right. It was the most beautiful thing in my life."

"And in mine."

"But not real—it never had to take any strain. It's not fair to compare it with the whole of a marriage. I made things very easy for myself. Did you ever think that I behaved abominably selfishly?"

"Never. I was warned."

He looked at her with a tenderness she had never seen before.

"Would you have come with me and made it real?"

"I don't know. Yes, if you'd wanted me that way." And she damned the man for making her admit it.

"Then if you can't tell Robert, will you come to me now?"

She made herself laugh. "Sir, this is so sudden."

"My dear, married love can make, and must make a lot of adjustments. Some women would forget about that promise. But you can't because of your heart's honesty. If something else is strong enough to stop you keeping it, you might as well call it a day."

"I must tell him, I do love him truly. Only—oh, I don't know. Can't you help me?"

"I'll try. Tell me about the last four years of you, and what you and Robert love together and fight about."

She began to talk, with her hand in his. She had no idea afterwards exactly what she had told him. She (*Continued on page 56*)

The reason for the interest? "She" is wearing a Hershelle Model suit of "Adrella" Scotch Tweed in the French manner. Note the attached scarf and original satchel pockets . . .

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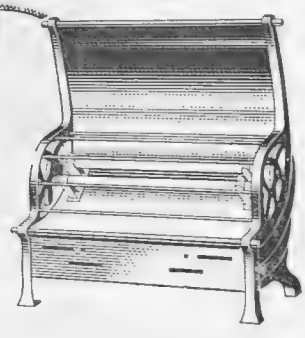

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could not remember, at any rate, ever telling him where Robert was going to take her out to dinner the next Saturday night.

She certainly thought that their next meeting was accidental. As she walked with Robert through the lounge, towards the restaurant on that Saturday, she saw Stephen. They would have to pass close to him. He was with a handsome dark woman wearing an engagement ring. Lalage felt herself go hollow. He stood up as they came near.

"Hullo, Lalage. Escaped from war work at last?"

"Thank goodness it's all over." He was at liberty to think that she didn't mean only the war.

She managed to introduce him to Robert. Robert looked a bit blank.

"And Miss Nikolides. My—" Stephen turned to the woman. "Darling—Lalage Foster. Lalage, my dear, have you time for a drink with us?" And to the woman, "We needn't move on yet, need we, darling?"

Lalage looked at the woman's ring till Robert had to answer for her. "Many thanks. But I think we'd better make sure of our table. We're late now."

Lalage put a trembling hand under his arm as they passed together into the restaurant.

The woman looked steadily at Stephen. "As you're my third favourite brother, I don't mind *much* being palmed off as your girl friend, if it's a good enough story. But why should I have to go Greek?"

"It's one of those stories that couldn't have a happy ending without someone getting a bit hurt. Tell me if I was right. You're a disgustingly wise woman." He signalled for more drinks and told her.

"And what's going to happen now?" she said.

"She'll tell him. While she's angry with me she'll tell him a version of the story that won't hurt his pride. And once she's got that far everything will fit in quite harmlessly with the real values and honest, unexciting love that'll make them happy. She'll have children and she'll forget the fairy-tale. I daren't be seen again. You go and get your coat and just look in there and report how they're getting on."

She was looking sympathetic but a little amused when she came back.

"They're dancing. She's looking about sixteen and absurdly happy, and he's looking absolutely noble. I don't think you've hurt her so badly after all."

"I hope not. But I wasn't thinking of her, for once."

"Stephen, you're not hurt yourself, are you?"

"No. Poor Robert. Whatever she tells him will hurt. Men are like that. And he is a good chap. After I went away to foreign parts I took some trouble to meet Robert. Men in the Middle East all fetch up at the same places on leave. I liked him. He should make that kid happy. I wanted to feel sure. Otherwise I would have stolen her. But, you noticed, he didn't admit knowing me when Lalage introduced us. I guessed then that he's been afraid to tell his story too. So I thought that if I reminded him quite cruelly of Miss Nikolides it might help Lalage's story to go down easier. Nearer blackmail than I like, but he'll be quite sure I'm a cad now and he can afford to feel noble about forgiving her. He can offer her something so much better. Well, there goes the only woman I ever wanted to marry. From the first night I met her. Do you mind if we get a little drunk tonight?"

"You really believe that's the answer, don't you, my pet?"

"Of course I do. Don't you?"

"Except that she was probably looking so happy because he's confessed about his Greek lady already and she knows you were trying to fool her to help her out. After four years she wrote to you, and you let her come to you. We're much more intelligent and much more unscrupulous than you think. Invite me to your wedding when you've sorted it all out."

END

Away From It All

(*Continued from page* 15)

About the same time another man named James Stuart left Ulster for the same Dominion. A countryman, he started as a hand on a sheep station; and being a tough, nuggety, alert-minded and determined Scots-Irishman, he got on. Backed in a station of his own by his old boss, he thrived, married, brought up a family, and at the end of thirty years he sold out, and sailed for home with a substantial fortune. He bought a 500-acre estate in his old home county, settled down to the life of a country squire in a northern land boasting one of the world's most unsalubrious climates.

You remember Jo Carstairs? She was one of the playgirls of the first World War postwar generation. A migratory background, there, too. She was the child of a Scots colonel and the daughter of a founder member of Standard Oil. When she drove an ambulance in France she was only schoolgirl age. After the war she hunted excitement—travelled in a gipsy caravan, ran a yachting-centre bar and a motor car hire garage, and finally won fame as a racing motor-boat ace, thrice the challenger of the American, Gar Wood.

It palled, and she gave up her British citizenship, and pulled out. She bought an island in the Bahamas. She thought she was buying a scented paradise shaded by coconut palms and inhabited by the sort of blacks hired for background in a Dorothy Lamour sarong film. What she landed on was a neglected scrub waste, sixteen by eight miles, inhabited sparsely by a lighthouse keeper and his wife.

Most girls would have cut their losses and fled back to New York and Cannes. Jo stuck, and by the time she was through she had turned Whale Cay island into a fertile plantation which spilled over into three smaller islands. She had peopled it with five hundred black male and female migrants, built a radio station, a power-house, church, school, store, the biggest granary in the Bahamas for her grain, and developed her kingdom to the point where it rates as a port requiring a customs official.

But you can't migrate to Queen Carstairs's domain. She doesn't even encourage visitors. It's like that with so many of the spots which are hand-tailored, now, for the potential migrant with a little money and a strong desire to bathe and bask the rest of his life away. Lord Howe Island would have been overrun long ago but for the benevolent protection of the New South Wales Government which prohibits permanent emigration and makes visitors buy a two-way ticket, so that they can be returned to the mainland at their own expense at any time.

The original migrants came mostly from whalers. There are about 150 of their descendants now, all guaranteed an easy living through the operations of the Government-controlled palm seed monopoly, worked as a co-operative. Profits are distributed as dividends to the born islanders, who can get away with a month's work a year, and spend the rest of the time fishing and playing. The climate is breezy and temperate. Cattle and pigs thrive. The fertile centre grows tropical fruits and temperate-zone vegetables. The sea teems with fish. The palms are the world's finest—which explains the seed-and-sapling export trade. There are no movies, motor cars, phones, prisons, politics, or beach-combers, but conditions on the island are so delightful that no islander born has ever been known to leave, except for a brief visit to the mainland four hundred miles away over rough seas.

There is only one way in which a member of the outer world can get into this El Dorado as a permanent migrant. He can marry a Lord Howe islander, and live happily ever after.

END

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The longest continuous passage in any play falls to the part of beautiful Eileen Herlie, playing the queen in "The Eagle Has Two Heads" at the Haymarket Theatre. So gifted is Miss Herlie as an actress that she holds her audience right up to the 2,882nd word. But Miss Herlie can be brief in season; when it comes to fashionable shoes she does it with the one word — Clarks.

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Paris For Purity (*Continued from page* 13)

La Maison Tellier. "The women have gone underground, but have not yet taken to the *Maquis*" was one bull's eye.

Though it wasn't all so mirthful—as when one thought how De Maupassant would have depicted the *pensionnaires* looking tearfully on while all the furniture, fittings and knick-knacks of what had been the only homes they knew, were sold at public auction. How he would have contrived that Lisette duly came by the article she most longed for . . . and the odd and surprising nature of it.

But it is time I skipped out of Madame Bovary's day and got down to a few hard facts concerning this latest French purity campaign, the first serious one since the Second Empire failed to convict Flaubert of immorality.

What started it? What kept it under way? What has it done? Where is it going to lead?

Opinion is unanimous that the changed attitude derived in first case from the Resistance Movement which brought an increased appreciation of the value of human beings of all kinds, including not a few women of the oldest profession who did brave or more than usually self-abasing work while their proprietors raked in money from German custom. Young Communists and young Catholics principally made up the Resistance, and they are serious-minded young people. It didn't take them long to see how Allied troops had the same attitude to certain French women, as the Germans had had, and it made them hot under the collar.

Their indignation communicated itself to more serious quarters weighed down by the gravity of the population problem. The birth-rate was a matter of quality as well as of quantity and each of these was handicapped by the existence of thousands of licensed houses up and down France, which even had their own watchful publication, *L'Amicale*. On moral, social, medical and economic grounds, they must cease to be accepted as part of the national life, cried Marthe Richard, who quickly became the standard-bearer of "Paris for Purity," she being on the Municipal Council and wears the Legion of Honour for Gallic services rendered.

Marthe was deluged with congratulations when 170 houses of ill-fame were closed in Paris on the first day of the new law, sixty of them listed as of the first class, and forty of the second. That left many still to be dealt with, and there were not lacking citizens who shook their heads at the whole business, yet the campaigners were satisfied. They hold that the clean-up, not only for French morale but for foreign consumption, must start with the capital.

The purity drive penetrates in other directions, as foreign tourists who live the life of the capital will soon have occasion to note. For example, they will look in vain for the pornographic sheets, coloured and plain, which used to drape the newspaper kiosks. How those publications are no more, reveals the alert, efficacious methods of the campaigners. The newsprint shortage meant the allocation of the wherewithal to print, according to newspaper value, and the pornographic multitude was held to be of no value at all.

I have already told how you may be pounced upon in café or music hall, and it is also not unheard of that a show may be stopped by the police. Too much nudity may be reported, or for that matter, too many underclothes on display. To be detected in all this kind of thing—leading off with the suppression of the tolerated houses and proceeding with the offensive against street accosting—is a clear French reaction against foreign contempt. Young France is sick of the sneering but realizes that French vice is more shoved forward than in other lands. So it must be pruned, as a matter of national self-respect.

The foreigner who plumps for alcohol—and the French intelligently make all the difference in the world between alcohol and wine and beer, unlike our watery-veined, misnamed "temperance" snoopers — the foreign visitor who wants strong waters is going to find it more difficult in France, as less alcohol goes to fewer cafés and bars—although the huge current number of these places means that it will be a long time before anyone has to look around for one. The anti-alcohol measures are part and parcel of the general moral and physical improvement drive and Communists and M.R.P. are again the ones chiefly behind them.

There did, however, come a situation when the two differed and the Communists, backed by the Socialists, won. The episode showed just how far a "purity offensive" could be driven in France. Catholic M.R.P. wanted the new family allowances to be applicable only to families founded upon marriage. Retorted the joint Left: "There are links more sacred than those of marriage. There are those of love." Read "of free love" and the assertion is fundamental. It means that a majority of French people refuses to censure unorthodox love affairs and reserves the castigating term "immorality" for such things as commercialized vice.

Other agencies are inveighing against the films and literature. One, indeed, is much more than an agency. France's Catholic Church is going all out against films which it doesn't like and has set up an office in the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, whence the Abbé Chassagne issues a *Circuit Familial* that resembles the index of forbidden books circulated by the Vatican.

The Church goes further. The archbishops have taken over a film company for the production of Catholic films, and they are buying up all the cinemas they can lay hands on. Report gives them 1,600 of the country's 6,500, and the archbishops' cinemas have the bulge on the ordinary houses in that they do not have to pay normal entertainment taxation, thanks to a *patronages* law dating back to 1901. So the Church-sponsored houses attract audiences by reason of being able to offer notably cheaper seats.

The moralists' assault on literature has encountered snags although it was the Government which set up a committee to decide what works are purely pornographic or also of literary value. The campaign has, however, become much the private province of a crank of British descent, having the appropriate name of Parker—Daniel Parker—and his opening move of sending American Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn* to the committee led to almost general Press condemnation. Well there you are.

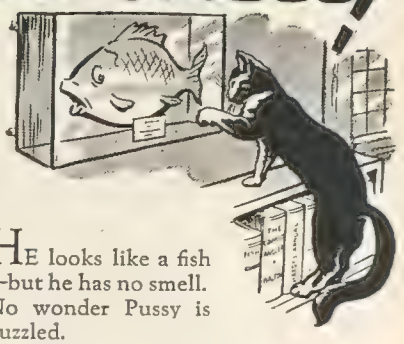
Part of what has happened beyond recall, cannot but alter the certitude and safety with which "respectable married men" from other countries have been wont to head for Paris to "have a fling."

But don't forget those citizens who shake their heads. They're right, too. The earthquake in the *Milieu* has had the inevitable effect of greatly augmenting the number of women operating in bars, cabarets, cafés, theatres, parks and streets; Paris in this respect coming nearer to London. The earthquake has brought a bigger danger to health, and it has opened up yet another black market in which juveniles are not missing.

Judging by the large amount of correspondence received by the Publisher, there seems to be some doubt in the public mind about posting British magazines *to countries overseas*. There is no difficulty at all now, and the Publisher will be pleased to send *Britannia & Eve* to any address abroad on receipt of remittance with order. Subscription rates (including postage):

	12 months	*6 months*
Canada and Newfoundland	1 0 0	10 0
Elsewhere abroad	1 1 0	10 6

NO SMELL!



HE looks like a fish —but he has no smell. No wonder Pussy is puzzled.

"MODERNA" Blankets are **Guaranteed ODOURLESS.** They will delight you! A special factory process ensures that they have no objectionable "new blanket smell."

Also guaranteed all pure Lamb's wool, fadeless, moth-proof, and never-shrinking. In 10 lovely modern Pastel Shades and White. Will come to you through all the best Stores, when we may supply them. Not available yet.

MODERNA

BLANKETS

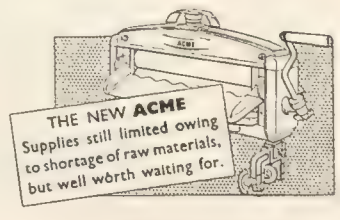
for Softest Sleep

Thomas Ratcliffe & Co. Ltd.
Mytholmroyd, Yorks

YOU OWE YOURSELF AN ACME WRINGER MRS. HART!

"Mum" still does all the family's washing. And with two daughters at business and a factory-worker son, washday's a bit of a nightmare. "I'm not grumbling," says Mrs. Hart, "but by the time I've wrung out all their underclothes, and blouses, and tablecloths too, all by hand, I feel done in. I'm too old for the job I tell them!"

You're not too old Mrs. Hart. But you want something to deal with all the wringing instead of your hands.
The post-war Acme's made to do that too for you. Nothing's too heavy — or too light—for the Acme. You yourself control the pressure. And even after a lifetime's washing you'll be amazed at your wash! Be kind to yourself, Mrs. Hart.



16" model 84/- 14" model 82/-
Purchase Tax extra

ACME WRINGERS LTD.,
DAVID STREET, GLASGOW, S.E.

Special Times...

THERE are "special times" when women wonder—has that night and morning wash made them perfectly fresh and sweet?

With SANITAS they can be sure!

Its *Extra Oxygen* freshens and purifies, and its antiseptic qualities safeguard health.

SANITAS

The Safe PERSONAL Antiseptic

Every Chemist has it 1/1½

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

"Health and Happiness," specially written for women by a Lady Doctor. Send postcard to Sanitas Co. Ltd., Dept. BE/A, 51 Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9.

"No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage" agrees

Jean Kent

Starring in "The Man Within"

Like the Stars of Stage and Screen you, too, will find Drene Shampoo makes your hair look more glamorous than ever before. It's easy to set right after the shampoo, and leaves no unsightly dandruff. 7½d. and 1/10½d. The extra large family size saves you money. Ask your chemist or hairdresser..

drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

"Tramps" Of The Air

(*Continued from page* 16)

Commander Castlemaine, Skyways' commercial manager, put another: "At our Dunsfold airport we have night landing and line approach aids, and our own met. station for weather. We use mainly four-engine Yorks of 2,200 miles range and Lancastrians of 3,000, and always insist on a fifty per cent minimum fuel reserve. Whatever the contributory causes of recent airline crashes, weather is invariably the chief. But where you have long range with four engines you can always find good weather somewhere. That's important."

This company, whose fleet of thirty-one machines includes also 21-passenger Douglas D.C.3s, 40-seater Skymasters, 8-seater De Havilland Doves, a Rapide for small charters, and a Bristol "Flying Horsebox," concentrates mainly on heavy, fast freights and V.I.P.s. Its chief charters show the vast range of present-day "tramping" and make Ulysses's Homeric Odyssey parochial by comparison. Abadan, Persia, for Anglo-Iran Oil. Lydda for Iraq Petroleum. Lagos and Accra, West Africa, for Lever. Curaçao, West Indies, for Dutch Shell; East Indies, too. Belgrade, with £13,500,000 Bank of England bullion; Hong Kong with bullion. Argentine with Sir Wilfred Eady and Food Mission; Lord Forres and Sir Montague Eddy on Railway Mission. Moscow with Five-Power Tele-communications delegates. Cairo, with ex-premier Sidky Pasha; and for N.A.A.F.I. Saudi Arabia with Emir Feisal and staff. Nuremberg with Lord Chief Justice Lawrence and other War Crimes Commission judges. Athens with King George of Greece and staff.

Brigadier-General A. Critchley is chairman of this company, Sir Alan Cobham deputy-chairman. Among its ace-crews are Nos. One to Five from Transport Command. Its Dunsfold staff numbers over 700. Its aircraft, landing and taking off, hop the old Roman Stane Street which ran from Regnum (Chichester) to Londinium across the Sussex-Surrey Weald, thus linking twenty centuries of locomotion, from B.C. carts and chariots to giant cabin planes.

Rarely does anything worth shooting a line about occur on charter flights, though a Westminster Airways pilot did strike a little job on the side when he spotted another company's machine which had forcelanded in Tanganyika and guided a small Auster to the spot with supplies. Westminster, which took the late Minister of Education Ellen Wilkinson to Prague and brought back the B.B.C. discs of the Nuremberg Trial, has on its Board, besides Air Commodore Harvey and Wing Commander Duggan, Colonel Bromley Davenport, M.P., the Hon. Michael Astor, and ex-Parliamentary Secretary Ronald Tree; and wags in the service say that, with so much Parliamentary talent, it should be called the Magna Charter Company or alternatively the Gasworks.

A good deal of charter work to-day is for press and film cameramen. Morton Air Services, Croydon, which operates Airspeed Consuls, D.H. Rapides and Leopard Moths (with Doves on the way), had five machines flying them over the dramatic U.S. crash in the Alps. The films for Goldwyn-Mayer were flown to Paris, loaded at once on to a Transatlantic plane, and shown in U.S.A. the next day.

Olley Air Services took photographers to the Constellation crash at Shannon, the ship sinking off Le Havre. This is the oldest charter company, skippered by one of our oldest pilots. Founded in 1934, it did wartime Government service with the Associated Airways Joint Committee at Liverpool, and since June last year its Rapides and Proctors have carried both the quick and the dead—business men, invalids, coffins—to and from Europe.

Captain Olley knows all the snags of flying; prewar, when a large bird crashed into his "prop" over Scotland, he had to land his tiny single-seater crab-wise in thick snow and trudge miles to the nearest inn. He knows the humours, too. One of his old-time stories is of a passenger who confided nervously: "My first flight." "And mine, too," said the pilot as the machine began to buck like a broncho. Another is of a pilot forcelanding in an orchard who turned to his passenger and said: "I hope you're fond of apples." A third, of a pilot who came out of cloud, mist and heavy rain, almost smack into a tall clock-tower. "Well," said the mechanic, "we know the time now, anyway."

Most charter pilots are ex-war R.A.F., like Captain Naish, Hunting Air Travel chief, who had a Wing in Burma keeping the Chindits supplied. Its ops. manager, Captain Walter Rogers, one of the original Imperial Airways pilots, has flown over 11,000 hours since 1914, and still flies occasionally. With Avros, Rapides, Proctors, this company has flown jockeys and trainers to race meetings, met business men off the Southampton liners and flown them to Europe, taken cameramen to photograph a drifting submarine, covered Johannesburg, Cairo, and Teheran.

These charter companies must not run scheduled services like the airlines; they must maintain proper safety and other conditions and conform to general flying rules. Apart from that, they are reasonably free to roam the earth at will, serving passengers as taxis and hire-cars do. "Our aim," says Mr. Gillman, "is to get together and organize for expansion on sound lines. We have conferred with Lord Nathan, who is prepared to give us all the help a Ministry can."

It's pleasant to have the world at your feet and an unlimited future. It makes the air-charter industry one of the most cheerful and virile in Britain to-day.

END

They Had Their Lotteries

(*Continued from page* 20)

can tell who *will* have a *Prize*. And, therefore, *Everybody* is justified in trying for a *Prize*. Thus *Hope* animates their waking thoughts—*Hope* inspires their dreams—Passions are *corrected* by the *Hope* of a *Prize*—*Tempers* are *sweetened* by it."

As a further inducement the Government and the chief agencies began to issue numerous illustrated bills and posters, engraved by Cruikshank and others, containing crude rhymes and setting out in heaviest and blackest type the huge sums waiting to be won.

Private lotteries had often caused trouble before, but by the early nineteenth century the public desire for quick riches was being sadly exploited. There was a mushroom growth of those illegal ventures known as "Little Goes" run by the licensed lottery-office keepers in the intervals between the State lotteries, and illicit "insurance" offices—where bets could be placed on the drawing of specific numbers—were springing up everywhere, to the alleged ruin of half the domestic servants in London.

Held responsible now for widespread speculation and poverty, the State lotteries fell into growing disrepute and were attacked in and out of Parliament. When their abolition was decreed in 1823 the chief mourners of their passing were the lottery-office keepers and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The public did not really seem to mind, for not all the vast final publicity nor the six first prizes of £30,000 could persuade them to buy all the tickets for the last of all lotteries in 1826.

Perhaps they were finding it harder than they thought to get rich the easy way.

Fascinating Flattery

FOR STAR-SKINS . . . AND YOURS

JANET BLAIR
Columbia Star in
"GALLANT JOURNEY"

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD
FACE
POWDER

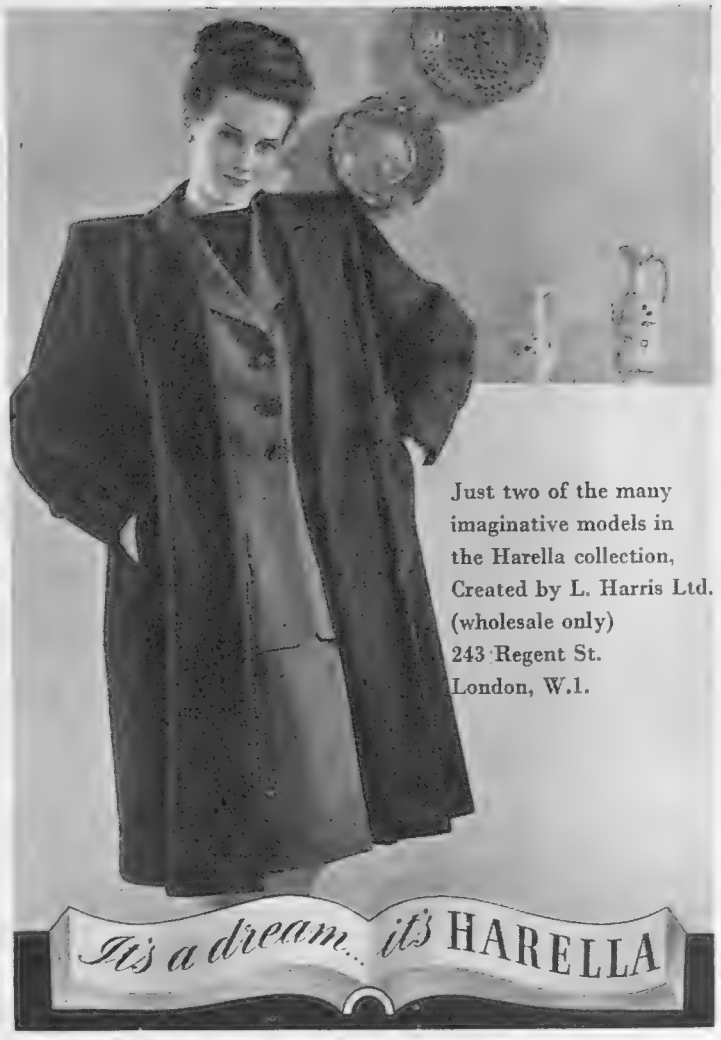
Hollywood's loveliest screen stars say that Face Powder by *Max Factor* is like a veil of fascinating flattery to the skin.

★ It enlivens and enhances the colouring of your complexion

★ It gives a glamorous accent to your natural beauty.

'MAX FACTOR' Cosmetics of the Stars are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser & Store

Max Factor ★
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON



Just two of the many imaginative models in the Harella collection, Created by L. Harris Ltd. (wholesale only) 243 Regent St. London, W.1.

It's a dream... it's HARELLA

Hair Beauty begins with

Superma

The ORIGINAL MACHINELESS WAVE

of leading Ladies' Hairdressers everywhere, or names and addresses from Superma, Ltd., 2, Old Bond St., London, W.1.

Cow & Gate?— of course

"What is Mummy busy with over there? I know! My COW & GATE— Goody!"

It is a happy fact that babies *do* love Cow & Gate. It builds fine specimens of healthy, happy childhood.

Be wise—do not take a chance with such a vital thing as your baby's food. Cow & Gate Milk Food is the best substitute when natural feeding fails.

3896

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD *of* ROYAL BABIES

Woman

– the enigma

Woman is not really interested in man. Nor is she too interested in money. Success or failure means nothing at all to her. If woman challenges these dogmas she has her motive for doing so—but it won't necessarily be because she disagrees. Man has no chance in "intellectual" combat with woman. She lives for life—possibly the blindly obedient servant of some enigmatic feminine Goddess. In her ceaseless striving to achieve ravishing beauty, there is no clear motive. In her choice of Personality Turtle Oil Soap, as a helpful means to this end, there obviously is.

Personality *a soap of exclusive quality, is sold only by the best shops. It costs* 1/10 *a tablet and two rations.*

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

Brian is *always* lively-

His energy and spirits are amazing. Simply bubbling over with life. Keeps you "on the go."

But you would rather have him that way than peevish, cross and poorly! Mother certainly knows best when she gives an ailing child 'California Syrup of Figs.' When bilious, sick or constipated, this natural laxative quickly corrects upsets of the system, and the little one is soon "as right as ninepence."

"California Syrup of Figs"

Wrath Of God

(*Continued from page* 19)

was teaching me to do *petit-point*, and there was nothing in her speech or manner to give colour to what Mr. Hartz had said of her. She was patient with my clumsiness, and corrected me with the greatest kindness. There sprang up between us the easy familiarity of mother and daughter. I liked her, I felt sympathy for her. The old idea that she was secretly watching me, that her real self was hidden away from me behind her smiling eyes, and long, curling lips, faded from my mind. She told me it was she who provided the money for her husband's expeditions; and this, I thought, was the real key to their relationship. He resented his lack of independence, and he blamed her for it. I imagined that for the sake of exciting a little sympathy, he had exaggerated some trivial difference between them. Indeed, I began to feel quite a contempt for Mr. Hartz. I thought him disloyal and ungrateful, a rather mean sort of sneak.

This was my frame of mind on August 26. Up to this time I can speak with certainty and clearness. Much that happened afterwards is obscured in my mind, like the events in a fearful dream. And there are dark places in my remembrance, like the darkness of death, when fearful things were happening to me and about me. Of these things I cannot speak because my mind is mercifully closed against them.

We had lunched early, I remember, and were sitting in our accustomed places on the veranda. I can see Mrs. Hartz now, with a needle poised in her fingers, and the sudden, upward jerk of her head as the ground trembled beneath us, and the air shook with a violence that threatened to throw us from our chairs. Then came the noise, the deep and distant rumbling, louder and more insistent than ever before.

"Look!" I cried. "Look—the smoke!"

There hung over the sea a spiraling, shapeless, black mass. As I watched, fine tentacles spread upwards and outwards from it, like the writhing legs of a great spider, and a silvered streak of lightning burst out from its belly. When at last I turned my head, I saw that Mrs. Hartz was gazing at me with a queer, tense look, her eyelids fluttering like two white moths.

She said, softly: "So it has come! I knew it must come!"

"What are you saying, Mrs. Hartz?" I asked, uncomfortably.

"It is God's vengeance," she said.

"Vengeance?"

"Vengeance for your wickedness!" she cried.

Her eyes had a cold light, staring strangely. I was frightened.

"The air is stifling out here," I said. "Let us sit inside. It will be better inside, Mrs. Hartz."

She put down her needle.

"No. This is a wonderful thing to have happened. It is the wrath of God. Why are you frightened, child? Come, let us go out and watch the wrath of God."

She took my wrist and dragged me down the wooden steps into the compound. I tried to reason with her, but she would not listen. I think perhaps she did not hear me. She was strong and masterly, wrapped tight within herself. We went to the end of the compound, turned back, then turned again. She did not speak, she did not even bend her head towards me. I knew that she was mad, and I felt her madness was part of a dreadful calamity that was about to overtake me. How long we paced there, up and down, up and down, I do not know. Time had ceased to count, for the scene was fantastic and unreal, something snatched from a hideous dream. A deep darkness crept towards us from the sea. The great drums rumbled. The earth shook. The air was hot and sulphurous. In the thickening gloom, Mrs. Hartz's face stood out white and sharp. We paced endlessly; and I kept shrieking: "Let me go, Mrs. Hartz! . . . Please let me go!" She did not speak, she did not look at me, but the grip on my wrist never loosened. Then, from the blackness overhead, fell a rain of ash. It dripped softly at first, like scattered flakes of snow; but soon it thickened, so that the air seemed solid with its greyness, and trees and bushes took on grotesque shapes, grey monsters conjured from the gloom. It was more than I could stand. I screamed and screamed, wrenched myself free, and fled from her.

Now for a while my memory is dim. Yet I remember this: I was on my bed, and Mrs. Hartz was bending over me, and whispering. "You cannot escape. . . . There is no escape."

"What nonsense are you saying?" I said.

She repeated: "There is no escape, my child. God is with me. You thought you would take Edward from me, didn't you? I saw the note he wrote in your book. You were wicked, and you cannot escape."

I believed she meant to kill me. But my mind was clear, and the panic had gone from me. I said: "I think you're behaving very stupidly. Please go away, Mrs. Hartz."

"You tried to take Edward from me. It was on the ship. You thought I never suspected, but I knew, I knew! You tried to deceive me, didn't you?"

"I have never deceived you," I said. "I have never done you any harm. Please go away."

She did not move. I sat up, and said. "Very well. Now I shall go from you. I shall go and never come back."

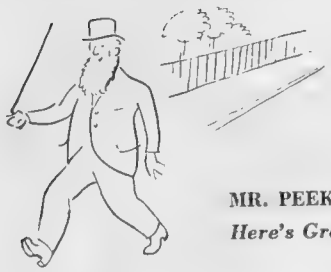
"You cannot," she smiled. "You cannot escape."

"Stand away!" I cried. "Stand away, you mad thing!"

Even as I spoke, the room started to shake. The floor shook, the walls and the bed shook, the beaded curtain rattled sharply in the window frame. And there came again the rumbling, at first soft and distant, but gradually getting louder and louder until it seemed like the frenzied rolling of ten thousand drums. Slowly, very slowly, it died away. She cringed back from me as if she had suddenly realized a terrible new power in me. I walked from the room and out on to the veranda, and I heard her follow me. But I did not turn my head; I was determined to show no fear to her. She followed me down the steps into the compound. It was like walking into a world of death, with a thick ash pall on everything, and an unearthly pearly light about me, as if the air itself were glowing. I walked on unhesitatingly, and I heard the slither of her shoes behind me. But I had not gone far before I heard another sound, like the thunder of an approaching engine.

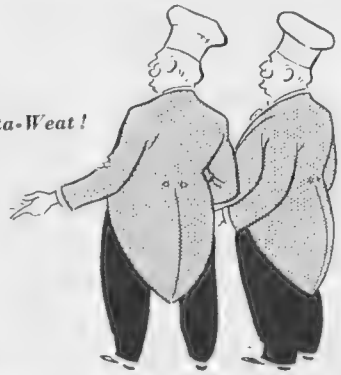
At the bottom of the compound I stopped. Now, truly, I was frightened, incapable of sound or movement. How shall I describe what I saw there? The sea was sweeping up the slope towards me, yet it was no ordinary sea. It was piled up into a thundering wall, a monstrous scythe-blade of glistening water. It towered up and up above the greatest palms of the slope, smashing across the earth with a speed beyond imagining. As it met the trees, the great palms and the banians, it wrenched them up at the roots, and I saw them twisting and churning in its great frothing belly. Everything that lay across its path was flattened and devoured. I had no thought but that this was the end. This was the end of all things. There was no escape. I remember staring down the hillside, with this single thought in my mind, and a monstrous roaring in my ears. Then I was drawn into an icy greyness, up and up, as if I were soaring into the heavens. There was no agony of mind or body, only this sensation of greyness bearing me upwards. And then my mind closed in blessed darkness.

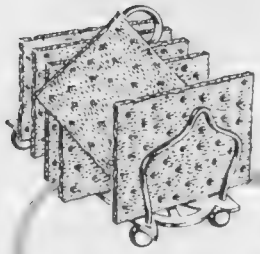
I MUST have stumbled a long way before I realized I was alive. I could not imagine where I was, or who I was, or what I was doing. I had a recollection of disentangling myself from a sodden mass of timber, of stumbling on and on across a slope. Everything about me was death and wreckage. I was the only (*Continued on page* 64)



MR. PEEK:
Here's Grandpa tripping down the street.

MR. FREAN:
He must have changed to Vita-Weat!





PEEK FREAN'S

Vita-Weat

REG.

By Appointment
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,
Biscuit & Vita-Weat
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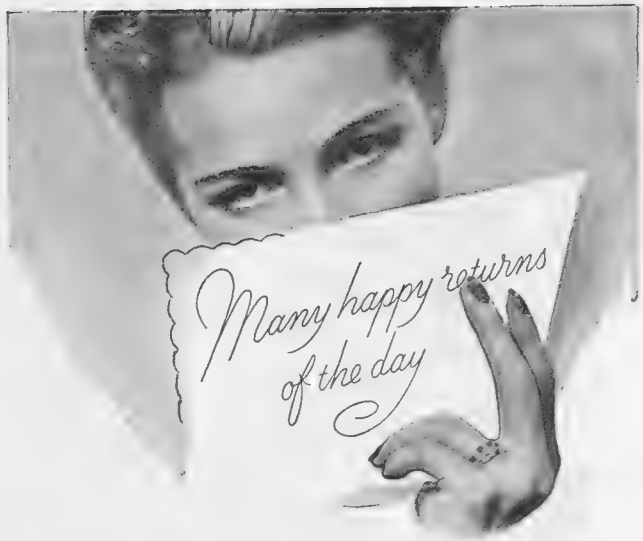
THE CRISPBREAD THAT IS ALL WHEAT



When someone whispered 'the war has aged her', she tried Innoxa Vitormone Cream. Youth came racing back to her cheeks. Was she 30 . . or 40 . . . this birthday morning? Who cares? Innoxa has given her 'the loveliness that lasts a lifetime'.

Innoxa *beauty preparations*
from Bond Street, London

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE

MANSION POLISH

FOR BRIGHT AND HEALTHY HOMES

"I'm teaching Cis to use Mansion Polish. She must keep her doll's house as bright and clean as our home Mummy."

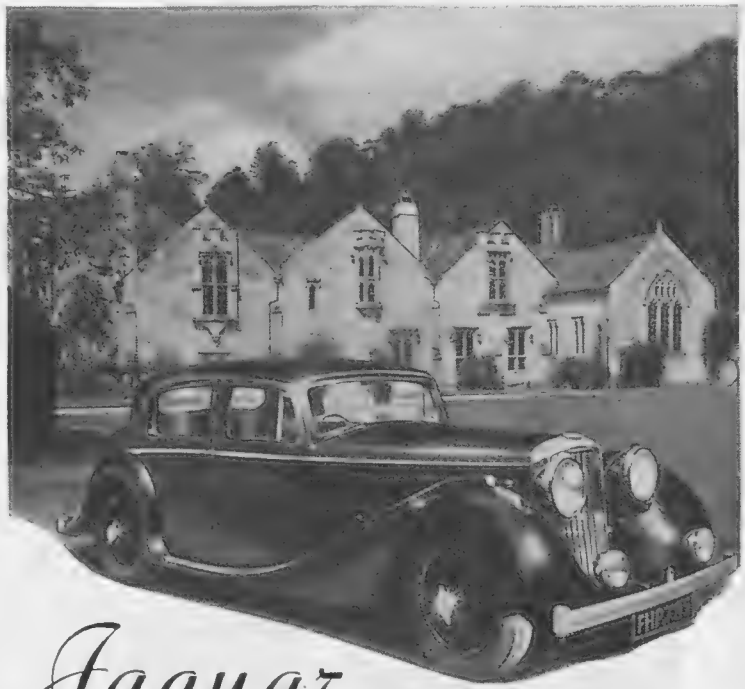
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM

Use sparingly—
still in short supply

MP
TU

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD.,
LONDON, W.4.

★ *Bradley Manor—charming 15th Century House nr. Newton Abbot. Property of the National Trust*



Jaguar

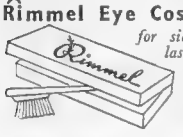
Every Jaguar is a full 5-seater car of high performance, luxuriously appointed and with that impeccable finish which for years has been associated with the name of Jaguar. Three saloon models are offered on the 1½, 2½ and 3½ Litre Chassis with such refinements as air-conditioning, with de-froster and de-mister on the 2½ Litre, 3½ Litre and the 1½ Litre Special Equipment model. New Girling Two Leading shoe brakes are employed on the 2½ and 3½ Litre models. Jaguar Cars Ltd., Coventry.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

The *new*
two-in-one
make-up
Rimmel
BEAUTY CAKE

A few seconds to put on, then complexion loveliness until late at night. Created by the world famous Rimmel. Through the expert blending of cream and powder, it is specially designed for preserving the softness and elasticity of the skin.

★ **Also the famous Rimmel Eye Cosmetique**



for silky brows, lustrous lashes. Never runs or smears and stays on for as long as you wish. Strengthens the lashes too!

moving thing in all that wilderness. Great trees stretched their roots at me like snakes; shattered stumps and branches were crushed deep into the brown earth. There were great heaped-up pyramids of ash, and native hutments turned upon their sides. And there were bodies: men, strangely twisted and staring; women, with long black hair drawn across their eyes; children, with their arms flung wide at the sunlight. I discovered there were hardly any clothes on my own body, and a sudden sense of shame overcame me. Then I laughed, because I realized I was alive, and the men who stared at me were dead men, they could not see me.

In my stumbling, I heard a cry. I stopped. The cry was repeated, a soft, whimpering sound. I moved towards it, and I heard it a third time, coming from beneath a tumbled pile of driftwood and branches. I could see nothing, but my groping hands dropped on to a child's warm body. I dragged her out: she was only a baby, and quite naked, and now she was screaming fiercely. I hugged her tight, comforted by her noise and warmth, and moved on.

Presently I reached the sea. I knew it was the sea because of its undulating movement. Here and there, in the thick scum of ash that covered it, were dark little pools of open water. They did not seem like pools, but rather like tiny desert islands swaying on the surface of the grey scum sea. And then I saw the ship, a red-funnelled steamboat, moving very slowly inshore, and trailing a broad, dark furrow through the scum. I heard a shout and shouted back, waving my hand, forgetful of my nakedness.

The steamer stopped, and a rowboat pulled towards me. A big, bearded man was standing up in it, his feet apart, and his fists jammed on his hips.

"Hey!" he shouted. "What are you doing here?"

I shook my head.

"What's your name, miss?" he asked next.

"Mrs. Hartz," I said.

"Is that your baby?"

Wrath Of God

"Yes," I said. "She's mine. She's Krakatoa."

He turned, muttering something to the man behind him, who was resting on the oars. Then he looked at me again.

"You'd best come along of us, missy."

"Where are you going?" I said.

"Never you mind. You'll be safe along of us."

They took me into Batavia, and there I was brought to hospital, and put to bed for many weeks. A young Dutch doctor was very kind and patient with me, but I should never have stayed unless he had let me keep my little Krakatoa with me. I claimed her for my own—which indeed she was, because she had been miraculously delivered into my hands. Mr. Hartz came to see me many times, and after my talks with him, the fog drifted from my mind, and I was able to pierce together the broken threads of memory. He told me Mrs. Hartz was dead; she died with 36,000 other poor souls who were drowned when the great wave swept from exploded Krakatoa up the coasts of Java and Sumatra. He did not seem truly sorry to lose Mrs. Hartz; indeed, he gave me a hundred pounds, and thanked me for my kindness to her and him. Then he went away and brought back my Rory, who said he was wanting to take me home.

That is how we came here to Lochaline, Rory and me and little Krakatoa, from whom I swore never to be parted. She grew up here with my own bairns, and she was as much to me as any one of them: I am not afraid to confess it, and I care not who knows it. Yet I did part with her, for when she was fifteen, Rory and Mr. Cudlipp, who was then the minister here, persuaded me that she would be happier with her own people. So I let Rory take her back, though it broke my heart to see her go. It is many years since I had news of her, but surely she was happy, for she married well, and had six bairns of her own. Bless her, bless her, my little Krakatoa.

END

Phantom Burglar (*Continued from page* 28)

moving was going towards the wall; the farmer watched and suddenly saw a man's figure silhouetted in the first light climbing the wall. Now there was no one who would come from that way to go to the Court. The farmer moved along under the shadow of the wall to the place where he had seen the man climb over. Mr. Sirrop's question about burglars was fresh in his mind. Well, if it was a burglar, those dogs ought to start barking soon; there'd be some fun in a minute.

Farmer Coxon walked quietly along the edge of the field to the point where he judged the man had climbed the wall, his heavy boots making no sound on the grass. He stood listening. Surely those dogs should bark if the man was approaching the house. He could hear nothing, not a footstep nor a whimper. After a few moments he peered over the wall. Looking eastward the light was improving enough to make objects distinguishable. Farmer Coxon could see a ladder placed against the wall on the left-hand corner of the house. A man was at the top of the ladder and had got one leg in through an open window. Below the ladder the two chow dogs sat on their rumps watching him silently.

Farmer Coxon stayed where he was till the man had got into the house. Then he climbed the wall, raced across the lawn, seized the ladder and shifted it away.

He then went to the front door and rang the bell. As the bell pealed a light shone in the room into which the burglar had just climbed. Meanwhile the two chows had followed Farmer Coxon to the front door and stopped a couple of paces from him, standing with hair on end and bared teeth growling.

"Hey!" called Farmer Coxon, convinced they were going to attack him. "Hey!" he shouted to the lighted window. "Call off these dogs! They be going tb bite I."

Mr. Sirrop leaned out of the window.

"Ling! Yang! Quiet. Lie down, will you!" he shouted to the dogs. "Who is there?" he called.

"Your neighbour Coxon," the farmer shouted back. "I was out in my paddock looking at an in-calf heifer and saw a man cross the field and climb your wall. I came to see what he be doing of and saw him go through the window of the room you're in now, less than half a minute ago—he must be in there now."

Mr. Sirrop laughed: "No man would climb up that ladder, and break into the house. The dogs wouldn't allow it."

"Well, they did," Farmer Coxon insisted. "They just sat there watching him."

"They weren't sitting watching you," Mr. Sirrop said. "You're imagining things. No man could break into the house under the noses of those dogs."

"I tell 'ee, I saw a man climb over the wall and get in at that there window," Farmer Coxon repeated. "What be the ladder doing if there b'aint no man?"

"Oh, the ladder," said Mr. Sirrop. "That's been there since this morning; we were having our windows cleaned; it should have been taken away."

"There's a man in the house, I'm telling 'ee," Farmer Coxon looked up at the window.

"You saw him!" Mr. Sirrop said.

"Ar!" Farmer Coxon nodded.

"Well there's no man in the room now. The door is locked and the key is under my pillow, so he cannot have passed through the room. "Half a minute!" Mr. Sirrop withdrew into the room. A moment later he returned. "I've just been to my wife's room which leads off this one. Not a thing has been touched; her jewellery is in the case on her dressing-table; there isn't a ring missing; there is no man there. You must have imagined you saw somebody; thanks for your trouble all (*Continued on page* 66)

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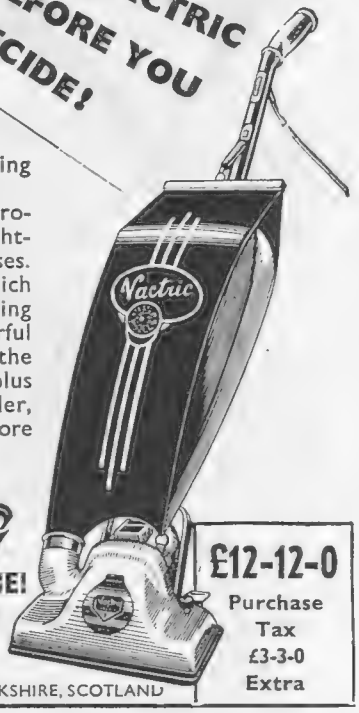

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the same. Good night, Mr. Coxon. Go back and get some sleep."

Farmer Coxon made his way home utterly mystified. He had seen a shape cross the little paddock; he had seen someone go over the wall; he had seen a man climbing from the ladder into Mr. Sirrop's room, and he had seen two chow dogs sitting at the foot of the ladder silent and motionless as if there was no one about. Also he had seen both dogs bare their teeth and growl when he appeared. Further he had heard Mr. Sirrop say the door of his room was locked and no one was in it, or in his wife's room next door; also that her jewellery was not touched. There had not been a burglary. What was going on then?

At that moment Farmer Coxon remembered his tractor driver giving bread to the chows. The dogs seemed to know him, and a dog won't attack anyone in the dark it knows the smell of. On reaching the farm, Farmer Coxon went to Jack's room, a bare little hole next door to the dairy. He pushed open the door and flashed his torch on the bed. Jack lay sleeping, a blanket drawn up to his chin.

Farmer Coxon saw his boots standing at the foot of the bed. He examined the soles; they were dry. There had been a heavy dew in the paddock. The farmer closed the door, leaving Jack sleeping. He went to his own room and stretched himself on his own bed. He lay awake for one more hour till 6.30 a.m., staring at the ceiling.

AT 10 a.m. next morning a car drew up in Farmer Coxon's lane and out stepped Inspector Burt from Yeovil and an assistant.

From the note-book in the Inspector's hand Farmer Coxon saw his visit was official.

"Morning, Mr. Coxon. May I have a word with you?" the Inspector asked.

"Come in, Inspector," said the farmer.

Inspector Burt told his assistant to remain outside.

Farmer Coxon led him into the parlour and placed chairs round a table. The Inspector opened his note-book and licked his pencil. Reading from the note-book he said :—

"I understand that at five-thirty this morning you rang the bell at Langton Court and reported to the owner you had just seen a man climb a ladder left by a window cleaner and enter a window on the second floor?"

"Ar!" said Farmer Coxon, with considerable animation.

The Inspector continued reading : "And that Mr. Sirrop, who had come to the window through which you said you saw the man climb and which was in fact his own bedroom window, reported that there was no one either in his room or in his wife's, and that no valuables had been taken."

"Ar," Farmer Coxon nodded, vigorously.

"What did Mr. Sirrop say after that?" the Inspector asked.

"He said I be imagining things and advised I to go to bed."

"I understand Mrs. Sirrop's two dogs were at the foot of the ladder?" The Inspector moistened his pencil again.

"Ar," Farmer Coxon nodded.

"How were they behaving?"

"Just sitting there quiet like."

"And they must have been there when the man you say you saw crossed the lawn and climbed the ladder?"

"Likely enough."

"I understand from Mrs. Sirrop that they are guard dogs, and would not ordinarily allow anyone to approach the house at night."

"They near took a piece out of I when I went to front door," the farmer said.

The Inspector looked hard at Farmer Coxon : "If they would not let you approach the house, but took no notice of someone you think you saw climbing the ladder, that rather confirms Mr. Sirrop's opinion that no one else was there."

"I see'd 'un, I tell 'ee," Farmer Coxon shouted.

The Inspector raised his hand. "Take it easy, Mr. Coxon, we are not disputing that somebody entered the house."

"Oh, 'ee b'aint disputing that then?" Farmer Coxon said, adding : "How do 'ee know summun got in, if Mr. Sirrop says there weren't nobody there?"

The Inspector consulted his note-book. "Because Mr. Sirrop telephoned the police station at 8 a.m. this morning and reported that some time between 5.30 a.m. and 7.30 a.m all his wife's jewellery was stolen. The jewels are valued at £9,000."

Farmer Coxon banged the table. "I told 'ee I saw someone climb through the window, but he wouldn't believe I."

"He believes you now," the Inspector paused, looking embarrassed. "The point is that the only person seen in the vicinity of the house about the time of the burglary was yourself."

The farmer leaned back and laughed : "Do 'ee think I took his mucky stuff?"

The Inspector was looking over the farmer's shoulder at his assistant who had just come into the room; he held a school ruler in his hand. The assistant caught the Inspector's eye and nodded.

"Mr. Coxon," said the Inspector. "I noticed a pair of rubber boots standing outside your front door. I take it they are yours?"

"Ar," Farmer Coxon agreed.

"And that when you went out to see your in-calf heifer," the Inspector referred to his note-book, "at 5 a.m. this morning you were wearing those boots?"

"I were not; I were wearing my nail boots and gaiters."

"You are positive of that?"

"Sure as I sit here."

The Inspector looked nonplussed. "Well, those rubber boots of yours are new and have distinct sole markings. How were the measurements, Ted?" he asked the assistant.

"They tallied exactly, sir."

"What be talking about?" Farmer Coxon asked, completely mazed.

"Your rubber boots; their imprint was found on a flower bed below the window; they were the *only* imprints that could be found; footmarks on the grass lawn were obliterated by dew."

"If they rubber boots were worn in the house they'd leave mud stains," said the farmer. "T'were a mucky night."

"Not necessarily. Whoever broke into the house might have taken the boots off and hung them round his neck, the earth stains stopped at the top rung of the ladder."

Farmer Coxon scratched his head. "It don't make sense to I. If Mr. Sirrop thinks I took his stuff, why'd I ring the door bell?"

"He doesn't think you took the stuff," Inspector Burt said, gently. "Nobody does. What we want to find out is—*who* did?" The Inspector filled a pipe. "I think I know the answer."

The Inspector thumbed through his note-book.

"You've a man working for you called Jack Hare. He called on Saturday to know if you could give him work and you engaged him from Monday."

"That's right; my Reg, he fell off the rick and hurted his arm; there weren't no one to drive the tractor; this chap said he were a tractor driver, so I took him on." The farmer looked hard at the Inspector : "How do 'ee know about him?"

"He has to report to the police. He is on ticket of leave; he came into the station on Saturday afternoon and told us he was going to work for you.

"What be that, then—ticket of leaves?"

"A convict on parole : Hare has just finished a sentence at Dartmoor."

Farmer Coxon hit his thigh. "He told I he had been working in the quarries further West, driving a truck hauling stone. So that was where he was."

"For three and a half years." The Inspector lit his pipe. "He wasn't much of a farm hand, was he?"

Farmer Coxon shook his head. "No good at all; just drive a tractor and not what you might call dependable doing that. What was he in for?"

"This time it was (*Continued on page* 69)

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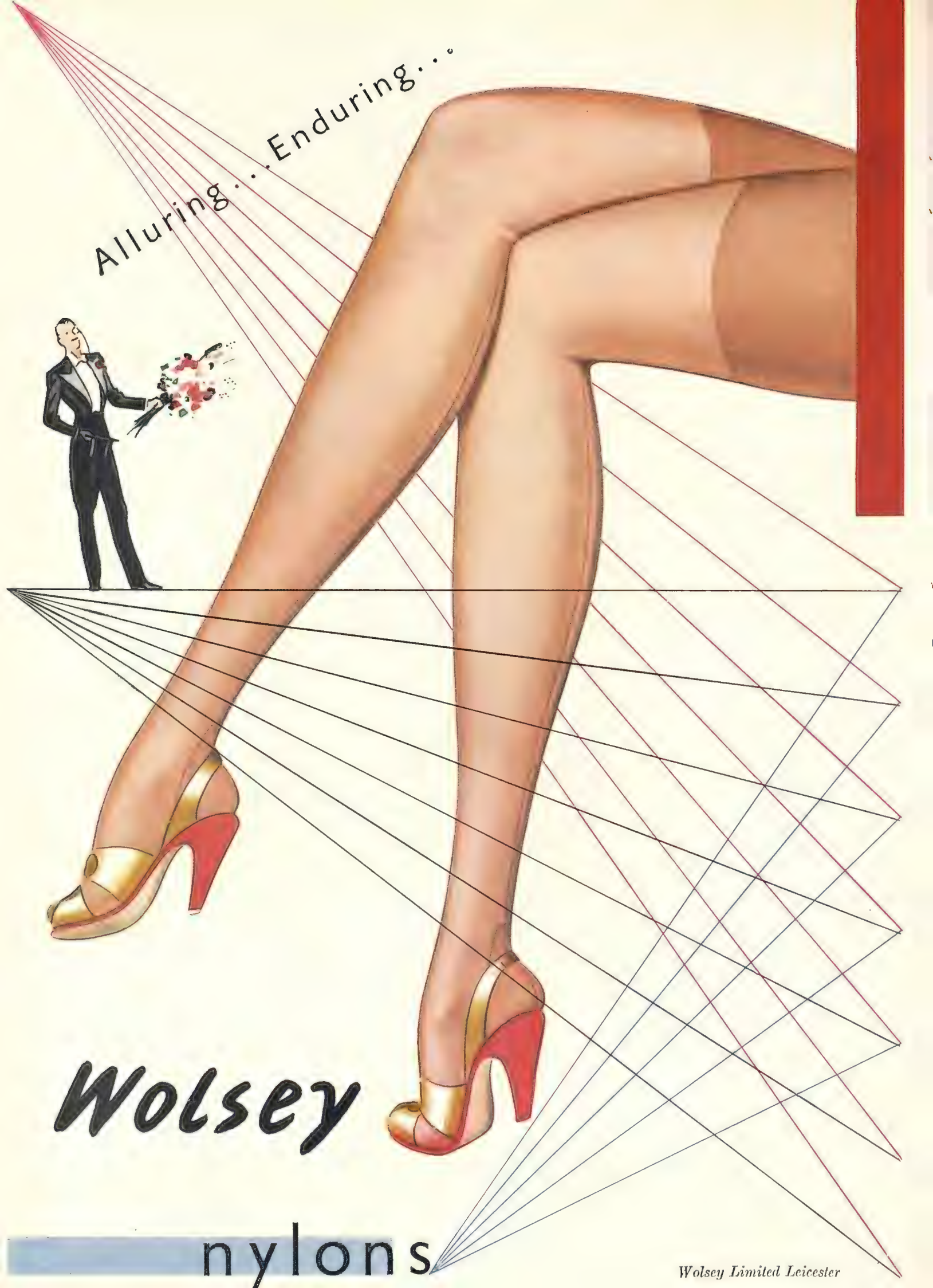

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car stealing; we only caught him for taking one, but we know he had more than that."

Farmer Coxon took a jug from a shelf, filled it at a barrel, and set the jug and three mugs on the table: "Drop of cider?" he suggested.

"Only a drop," the Inspector said. He had seen men fall backwards off a bench after drinking farmhouse cider. He said to his assistant: "Go and bring Hare in. Where's he working, Mr. Coxon?"

"Up in the ten acre at the top of the lane; he were ploughing there, but 'ee may have turned the tractor over by now. Has he got the stuff?"

The Inspector took a swig of the four-year-old cider, blinked, and took another swig: "What stuff?"

"These here jewels."

The Inspector shook his head. "I don't think so; they are probably in London by now. Sirrop would have taken them with him when he went on the early train to lodge his claim with the insurance company.

Farmer Coxon gaped at the officer. "What be talking about. 'Ee told you 'ee'd had the jewels stolen—didn't 'er?"

"That was what Sirrop reported; they have not been stolen; he has taken them to London to have the stones unpicked from their settings; they then will be sold separately. At the same time he will file a claim for their total loss—value £9,000. He'll get his money both ways."

The farmer refilled the two mugs, ignoring the Inspector's protesting hand. "Warm 'ee up," he pushed the full mug to him. "If nothing was took, there's nothing for nobody to pay," he said.

"The insurance company won't be able to prove no jewels were taken. Sirrop has you as witness. You saw a man break into the house."

"Ar, but he said there weren't nobody in the house."

"In the witness box he'll say evidently he was mistaken and that there was. His solicitors will call you—by subpoena if necessary—and you'll be questioned on oath about what you saw. As a matter of fact the case won't come into court. No insurance company would fight it. By the way, I suppose Sirrop used to come round here now and then?"

"Ar, he wanted that there little paddock of mine, back of house, where I keeps my in-calf heifers, so as I can go and take a look at them of nights."

"Did he find out what sort of times you went out to look at your heifers?"

"Ar, I told 'un." A gleam came into Farmer Coxon's eyes. "Inspector, that there Jack Hare seemed to know them dogs. He went over and give 'em a bit of bread when Sirrop and his missus were here."

The Inspector nodded: "He knew them all right and he knew Sirrop. That car we picked Hare up for stealing was found at a garage owned by Sirrop. That was in London; the police could not prove Sirrop knew the car had been stolen any more than we can prove now that the jewels weren't stolen. You know, Mr. Coxon, there are people who do get away with crime and keep on getting away with it. Sirrop is one of them. Jack Hare is not. It is up there you want it." The Inspector tapped his forehead.

"You can take in Jack, I suppose?" Coxon suggested.

"It will be difficult. The jewels aren't in his possession. You can't identify him as the man you saw go over the wall and climb the ladder. Or can you?"

Farmer Coxon shook his head. "Tweren't light enough for that. 'Sides," he looked at the Inspector, bewildered, "Jack were lying in his bed asleep when I got back—weren't even any wet on his boots. How did he fix that?"

"Wore your rubber boots to cross the field; the footmarks on the flower bed were made when he was fixing the ladder under the window; inside he took the boots off, went straight through the house, and doubled back here. He knew you were in the paddock and wanted you to see him, but he timed the dawn light so that he was inside the house before you could recognize him. Sirrop worked it all out for him; he wouldn't have the brains." The Inspector listened: "Here Jack comes; my lad is bringing him in."

Farmer Coxon looked out of the window and saw his hired man and the young police officer in the yard. "What be going to do?" he asked the Inspector?

"I shall tell him there was a burglary at Langton Court last night; that the burglar was seen coming from the direction of this farm and that footprints corresponding to the markings on the soles of a pair of rubber boots in possession of the police were found under the window. I'll invite him to try on the boots.

"Will 'un?"

The Inspector shrugged: "He is on ticket of leave. Men in that position generally do comply with police requests."

Going to the window the Inspector called to his man. "Bring Hare in and bring along those rubber boots standing by the door, belonging to Farmer Coxon."

Jack slouched in. It was evident that he and the Inspector knew one another. After explaining his reasons, the Inspector said: "Do you mind trying on those rubber boots, Jack?"

Farmer Coxon had never seen a broader grin than the one on Jack's face. Looking at the man's feet, he saw the reason. Jack picked up a boot, sat on a chair, and took off one of his own hobnails. "Only just get my toes in, Inspector," he announced, struggling with the rubber boot.

Inspector Burt looked savage.

"Wore sneakers and carried the rubbers round your neck on a piece of string, I suppose."

Jack answered gently—sadly almost. "Now, Inspector, you know I'm trying to go straight—got me a job and all, helping a farmer feed the starving world. You don't want me to have to write to the Prisoners' Aid Society and tell them I'm being persecuted by the police!"

The Inspector got control of his features; he turned to his assistant and said: "Let him go," then he lifted his filled mug and downed the contents at a gulp.

Utterly mystified, Farmer Coxon asked the Inspector: "Why would Jack take my rubber boots on a string round his neck?"

"To make sure your footprints would be found on the flower bed under the window—the only place where footprints would show."

"But Sirrop doesn't accuse me of stealing his wife's jewellery, what did 'ee want my footprints for?"

"In case you turned awkward and denied going to the house. He wanted to have proof you were there. You are the king-piece of the whole business. Well, Mr. Coxon, I must be getting back to Yeovil. Thanks for your co-operation."

"What about Jack?" Farmer Coxon asked.

Inspector Burt shrugged: "He's your worry."

After the police had gone Farmer Coxon went out to see his hired man. He meant to get rid of him—at once—even though it did mean paying him a week's wages for two days' work. He would not have an ex-convict on his farm, not if the King asked him personally.

He reached the field where Jack was ploughing, but could see no sign of man or tractor. At the far end of the field, just where Jack had to turn, there was an old shallow blue lias stone quarry partly filled in and now only a few feet deep. Shaking with anxiety, Farmer Coxon crossed the field and peered over the edge. There was the tractor lying on its side at the bottom of the quarry and Jack sitting on a pile of stones smoking a cigarette, just as he had sat the first time he had taken a headland too fast and overturned the tractor in a ditch. Jack looked up, saw Farmer Coxon, and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"You'll need your hoss again," he called out.

END

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The New Long Jacket

(*Continued from page 46*)

at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 98 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off the remaining sts. for the back of the neck.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 58 sts. rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1 (k. 2 sts. tog.). (57 sts.) Change to main pattern and work until 6 ins. from the cast on edge. Change to No. 13 needles and rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change back to No. 10 needles and main pattern, and continue until 17½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, then k. 2 tog. each end of every armhole end row until 45 sts. remain. Continue on these 45 sts. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row, work for 2 ins., at the same time decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every front edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work the right front as for the left front, with shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 13 needles cast on 58 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. K. 2 sts. tog. (57 sts.) Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work 2 ins. Now inc. 1 stitch each end of the next and every 6th row following until 87 sts. on needle. Work without further shaping until 18 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 57 sts. remain. Then 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 37 sts. remain. Cast off.

STRIP FOR FRONTS

With No. 13 needles cast on 12 sts. Work in k. p. 1 rib. Rib 4 rows, make a buttonhole.

1st row.—Rib 4, cast off 4, rib 4.

Next row.—Rib 4, cast on 4, rib 4.

Continue in ribbing, making 9 more buttonholes, 2 ins. apart. Rib 2 rows after last buttonhole. Cast off. Rib another strip, omitting buttonholes.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up the shoulder seams. With No. 13 needles, pick up and knit 130 sts. round the neck. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off loosely in rib. Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttonhole strip to the right-hand front (making last buttonhole join the neck ribbing). Sew on button strip to left-hand front. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

In Navy And White

(*Continued from page 46*)

and every 6th row following, until 121 sts. on needle. Work without further shaping until work measures 13 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then k. 2 tog. at the beg. and end of every row until 91 sts. remain. Change to navy wool with a k. row. Work ½ in. in pattern. Change to white wool with a k. row, work ½ in. Change back to navy wool with a k. row.

Continue now in all navy wool. When armhole measures 5 ins.:

SHAPE THE NECK

Work 41 sts., cast off 9 sts., work 41 sts. Continue on the last set of 41 sts. for 2 ins., *at the same time* decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 41 sts., join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 41 sts.

THE BACK

Work as for the front until after the armhole shaping. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 46 sts. on a spare needle). Continue on the 45 sts., work in the navy and white stripe as for the front, and continuing the yoke in navy wool. When armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg of the next neck edge row, work for 1 in., *at the same time* decreasing 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 46 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge, k. 2 sts. tog. at the beg. of the row (45 sts.). Work to correspond with the first set of 45 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 76 sts. with navy wool. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles. Cast on 1 st. (77 sts.). Continue in main pattern. Work for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 89 sts. and sleeve measures 5½ ins. from the cast edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 41 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. with navy wool. Rib for 1 in. in k. 1, p.1. Cast off in rib loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck band. With No. 12 crochet hook and navy wool, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work button loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons on the left-hand side of back opening.

They Lived In Grosvenor Square

(*Continued from page 29*)

Baroness von der Schulenberg (afterwards created Duchess of Kendal, but nicknamed "The Maypole") was the first occupant of number 43. But these were variations from the norm, and still in the grand manner.

All through that cloudless August of 1939 I wandered about the trim gardens of Grosvenor Square. (I lived in the Square myself and therefore had a key to the privileged enclosure; a large and shining key of polished steel, majestically proportioned; such a key as will probably never be used again.)

The lawns were green and tended; paths weedless, flower-beds fragrant. From the tennis-court came the sound of running feet and youthful voices lightheartedly calling the score; gardeners were mowing the grass; the distant hum of traffic was subdued. Overhead, planes passed and re-passed, the one ominous note in a summer afternoon symphony. Could it be possible that war would really come, that this tranquil scene, this harmonious setting, would ever change?

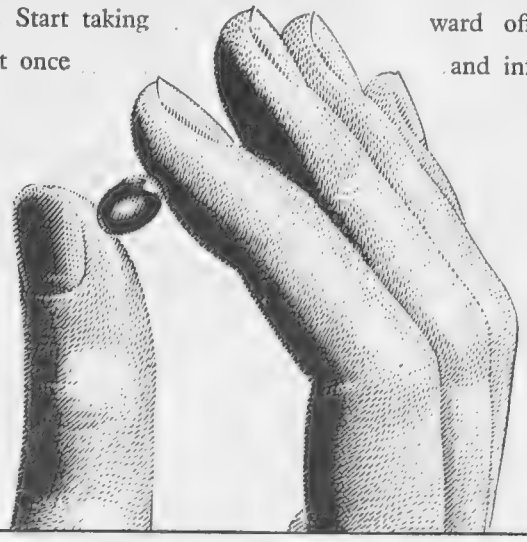
I lived to see the princely block of flats at the north-west corner of the Square transformed into a stronghold bristling with barbed wire and armed U.S. sentries; to see number 16 razed to the ground by a direct hit from a bomb.

I saw police on guard outside the dishonoured Japanese Embassy; the closing and the re-opening of the Italian Embassy; the increasing bustle of men and machines, as D-Day drew near, before the doors of the U.S. naval and military headquarters; the metamorphosis of lingeringly eighteenth century Grosvenor Square into twentieth century Eisenhowerplatz . . . Hail and farewell!

END

ESSENTIAL TO PRESENT-DAY DIET

Your health this winter will largely depend upon your body's supply of those two essential vitamins, A and D. Start taking them at once in their concentrated form in Crookes Halibut Oil. This precaution will pay you handsomely by helping to ward off colds and influenza.



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HELLO! ANOTHER

magnesia smile

Charm owes a lot of its appeal to the gleam and sparkle of really clean, white teeth. Regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia is the secret of the charming 'magnesia smile.' It is the only dentifrice containing *'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental decay.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia Regd.

** 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Up jumped pussy and down went the milk, but the table was SPOSSed last week, so wipe it up and all's well. SPOSS Furniture Dressing quickly and easily produces a hard waxed surface which resists damp bloom and can't be spoilt by children's fingermarks or smears. Mrs. Sposs can well be tolerant of little accidents; she uses all SPOSS products to make her housework easy. **Supplies are no longer limited,** so start saving time, trouble and hard work by getting SPOSS to-day.

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Obtainable from high-class grocery and hardware stores. If you have any difficulty please send us your retailer's name and address.

Simmonds Products Ltd., Dept. 702/20, Great West Road, Brentford, London. (203) *makers of OCTIM, the famous all-purpose Cleaner.*

Here is an attractive Jumper Coat, warm and gay for spring days ahead. Make it from six ounces of Munrospun "Morning Haze" wool and Munrospun Leaflet number 3625.

Munrospun

EXCLUSIVE HAND KNITTING WOOLS

The Pearls Of Pity (*Continued from page 32*)

Her safe key was on her key ring with her other house keys, and, womanlike, she left them where she used them last. Quickly he joined her on the beach. The gods were kind to him. This was benevolence without stint. Yet he felt soured and unhappy. The hell with that! No one could say women meant anything to him. He had made his mistakes, but no one could deny his shrewdness that way.

"Perhaps some day you may come back?" she asked.

"No, I don't think I should care to return, kind and generous as you have been to me," he returned with grim humour, hating himself.

"I thought my pearls had a real meaning—for both of us," she said softly. "I wondered if you would understand. . . . Good-bye. . . ."

He said good-bye mechanically. The girl's expression fascinated him. Her blue eyes seemed to convey something which she was trying to conceal. It baffled and irritated him. He felt depressed.

He found himself in the boat, which, next moment, was carried through the water in a rush as her natives ran with it through the surf, and then he was waving farewell to the erect and lonely-looking little figure in white. . . .

TWO days later Fane sat comfortably in a deck chair on the Miranda, and, a week later, he was looking through the bars of a cell in Sydney.

A detective sat opposite him and Fane listened to him dully. The detective's big, coarse fingers made blasphemous play with a lovely string of pearls.

"It's no use you saying it was you who took 'em, and I'll tell you why. We know for certain it was a woman. The fingerprints showed us that much, and we'd have found out all about it except that Cassidy threw me on the wrong scent by arresting a girl who turned out to be only a common, ordinary pickpocket. The real thief was a mystery woman to us. She ducked out of sight, and you're the first message we've had from her since. If the Customs men hadn't been so alert, we wouldn't have these little beauties—and you. Come on, talk. Don't be obstinate."

Fane shook his head.

"I wish these pearls could talk," added the C.I.B. man pensively.

Fane was realizing what had been behind that strange, unfathomable expression in the girl's eyes, lustrous and glowing as the pearls she had held out to his inspection. At last he knew. And he had been blind. It had been pity . . . for him. . . . He had put himself into the trap and would have to take what he got.

"Well, are you going to talk?" the detective cut in on his thoughts.

"Yes," answered Fane. "I'll talk. I'll say just this. If I ever do meet that young lady you were speaking about, I'll marry her—if she'll have me. Now, please go away and leave me to my thoughts. They mean a devil of a lot to me."

END

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

Great White Bird (*Continued from page 25*)

large as their parents and so fat that they are quite as heavy, if not heavier, than their twenty-pound parents. Then, extraordinary as it sounds, they are left by their parents, apparently for ever.

The young remain on the nests while the wind and snow of the Antarctic autumn swirl about them. For nourishment they are entirely dependent upon their own store of fat. Commenting on this, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, who has made a close study of albatrosses writes:

> This latter growth-period is surely the nearest approach to hibernation to be found in the bird world. For three months or longer the young albatrosses receive no visits from the adults, and subsist entirely without food. Towards the end of this time they begin at last to amble down off their nests and to try first their legs and afterwards their wings.

For some time before they leave the nest for good, the young albatrosses indulge in wing-practice and short flights. These help to prepare them for that mastery of the air currents for which their race is famed.

The immense spread of the albatross's wings is used for a highly specialized form of flight which makes the utmost use of air currents. In a dead calm an albatross is helpless, and for that reason it is never found outside areas where there is nearly always a wind to enable it to rise. Incidentally, if an albatross is captured and released on the deck of a ship it is a prisoner, as it can never get up sufficient height in its take-off, which is a laborious affair, to clear the deck-rails.

Unlike many other soaring birds, the albatross very rarely rises high above sea-level. This appears to be due to the fact that it progresses by making use of air which rebounds from the waves. Such good use is made of this means of flying that, on a day of strong winds, a ground speed (i.e. the speed at which it covers the ground, or sea, irrespective of air conditions) of 100 miles an hour or even more is sometimes attained by these great birds.

In the days of sailing ships, the catching of albatrosses, especially when the ship was becalmed, was a well-recognized pastime. One sea captain alone has been known to capture a dozen a day on numerous occasions. A common method used to capture the birds was to trail behind the ship a lump of fat enclosed in a metal triangle. In seizing the fat the beak of the albatross got caught in the triangle and it could often be hauled aboard quite easily.

It has been alleged that albatrosses sometimes attack men in the water. With their formidable beaks, such attacks by albatrosses would be dangerous, but there does not appear to be good evidence that such attacks hardly ever take place. In one instance I have read of, the sailor who was the object of the alleged attack seized the bird by the neck and drowned it, afterwards using its body as a float until he was rescued!

END

REFRESHING

At all times, and specially in the bath, Cuticura Soap makes the skin delightfully smooth and charming. Cuticura Soap has emollient properties which remove all trace of roughness and soreness. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment, Talcum Powder. 255

Cuticura SOAP

Home Woods From The Home Forests

(*Continued from page 43*)

and good furniture, in cigarette boxes and similar ornamental trifles. One reason why planes have been so much planted in towns is that they are specially "smoke-tolerant": their bark peels off in patches, and the trees therefore suffer less than most other species from the clogging effects of a smoky, dirty atmosphere.

Glancing either at the trees—hazel and horse chestnut, sycamore and cypress, alder and acacia and many another—or through the home, any forester could give a tediously long catalogue of the special household or garden uses of our home-grown timbers: tool handles and mop sticks, pea sticks and bean rods, tomato and flower stakes, the birch twigs required both for besoms and for clarifying vinegar, brush backs innumerable, skewers, bread trenchers' mangle and towel rollers, pastry boards and rolling pins, fruit bowls and egg cups, children's toys. . . . And those are only a few of the familiar everyday things seen or used without any one reflecting that they once formed parts of growing trees—trees which had to be harvested to make timber, even as wheat has to be harvested to make bread.

END

Gentle, yet deep-cleansing—because it is superfatted and so pure—Gibbs Cold Cream Soap belongs to every lovely woman's beauty treatment

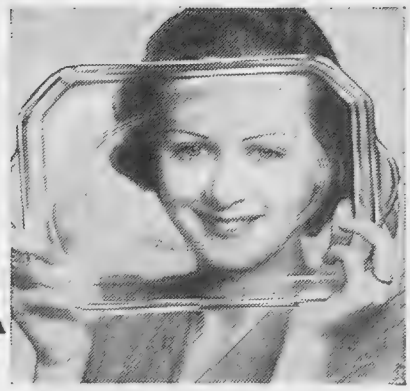
Gibbs
Superfatted
COLD CREAM SOAP

The perfume will be brought back to pre-war standard as soon as materials permit

Ideal for Baby too!

GCC 35-110-100

SEE? . . it's CLEAR



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IS THE CLEAR OVEN GLASS

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PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

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SLENDERNESS
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CVS—34

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eye lotion

"Only the best is good enough for your eyes"

That is why we would not make a second-rate lotion during the war. That is why Optrex has been so scarce. But better supplies of the essential materials are now coming through, and so there is more Optrex about. Optrex Eye Compresses, too, are now available. Ask for them at your chemists.

Whether you wear glasses or not, you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.

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Now pre-war quality & reduced in price!
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A limited number now available. Soon, it is hoped, you will have no difficulty in obtaining your favourite vacuum cleaner.
BURRAGE & BOYDE, Ltd.
Newmaid Works
NORTHAMPTON
FROM RETAIL SHOPS ONLY

Winds Of March

(*Continued from page 48*)

yellowish tinge. Fluff the powder on thickly at first and then remove the excess with a powder brush or a wad of cotton wool.

Mascara for outdoors is not a good plan in biting winds. A smear of vaseline on the lashes and upper lids does double duty for eye-shadow and mascara and is most becoming and youthfully softening.

Lipstick should be greasy and of a very clear red shade. Cream the lips first, if they are inclined to be dry. Remove surplus cream before applying the lip rouge.

OUTDOOR exercise is good for livening up the complexion, but the skin does need protection from icy winds. Use a slightly more greasy foundation on cold days and after a spell outdoors in the wind, remove make-up and give the skin some nourishing skin-food before making-up again.

Eat the full amount of fat ration due to you. It is absolutely necessary to your health, not to say your beauty; an oily tonic is helpful, too. Skins respond very gratefully and quite noticeably to a careful cold weather routine. A little trouble is involved, but the reward of a glowing skin is well worth while.

END

Young And Lovely

(*Continued from page 49*)

scrub from top to toe with a bath brush or loofah followed if possible by a tepid shower and a few minutes vigorous exercise before an open window.

Make-up for the very young girl is a matter of opinion, but I think there is something to be said for the discreet use of cosmetics at a time when skin defects call for a certain amount of disguise. It is good policy to teach your young girl the value of first-class beauty aids used sparingly and with regularity.

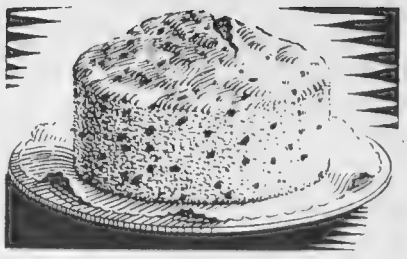
A little cream and powder, perhaps even a light touch of lipstick, encourages poise and promotes self-confidence, which is all to the good during that awkward phase between girlhood and womanhood. A touch of vanishing cream, a light dusting of powder—either peach or apricot—and a little pale rose lipstick will cover skin defects without looking "made up."

BRIGHT nail varnish is for older women, but the hints on hand care which I have given on page 48 apply equally well to the young girl or to the older woman. For the former, I must stress the importance of keeping cuticles under control by regularly pushing them back after washing and the need to guard against nail-biting. This is a nervous habit much inclined to afflict the adolescent and calls for firm measures unless the victim is to sacrifice all hope of beautiful hands.

Lovely teeth can be acquired in youth. Miracles of straightening and improving can be wrought on the very young; irregular teeth and sloping chins can be improved, in fact, the whole shape of a face can be transformed by clever dentistry. But apart from any such constructional operations teeth should be submitted to the dentist for inspection at least four times a year, and meticulous daily care must be followed.

THE lovely sheen of a young girl's hair is something to envy. Weekly washing and daily brushing is the short cut to this coveted beauty. Greasiness which afflicts the teenager's hair calls for even more frequent washing and for vigorous morning and evening brushing to stimulate circulation. Cutting by a really good hairdresser is the sure way to train the young girl's hair to orderliness, as well as to encourage a soft natural wave. The higher cost of really good cutting is always justified at the stage when hair is inclined to straggle and before the girl herself has acquired some skill in dressing it.

END



How to make light cakes with present-day flour

HERE is a recipe for "Victory Cake"—a Royal recipe prepared for you with rationing in mind.

Recipe: 8-oz. plain flour; 3 level teasps. Royal Baking Powder; pinch salt; 3-oz. cooking fat; 3-oz. sugar; 2 level tablesps. dried egg; 4 tablesps. warm water; 5 to 6 tablesps. warm milk; few drops almond essence; 4 to 6-oz. mixed fruit.

Method: Grease 6" cake tin. Sift together plain flour, Royal Baking Powder, salt. Cream together cooking fat, sugar, dried egg (dry) and beat in 4 tablesps. warm water. Add essence. Fold in sifted flour with warm milk. Stir in fruit. Bake in moderate oven at 375° (Regulo 4) about 1¼ hours. Remember, present-day flour needs more Royal. Royal Baking Powder makes all baking lighter, yet never leaves a baking powder taste.

FREE *Recipe Leaflet. Send a postcard or letter (postage 2½d.) to Marjorie Thornton, Royal Cookery Advice Bureau, Standard Brands Limited, Dept. GC3, Aldwych House, W.C.2. She'll also help with any cookery problem.*

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If you suffer from Indigestion read this tribute to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

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It gives me very great pleasure to confirm the many tributes to the soothing and helpful qualities of Macleans Stomach Powder, and to ensure you that it is most certainly "one of the things I would not be without" . . .

To all sufferers with stomach trouble—many of whom I know to be now using Macleans following my recommendation—your stomach powder is known as the greatest benefit.

I always have some at home—also at the office—so that no matter what discomfort I feel, a small dose of Macleans puts me in good shape . . . Yours truly, (Signed) A.M.

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficiency in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

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Price 2/6 and 6/-. Also in Tablet Form 1/6 and 2/6 (including tax).

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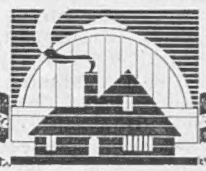

And there I was, all tied up with string!

And in HE walked! Still, I had no need to worry—I knew my complexion was all right. There's never any need to be anxious about your complexion if you use Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder. They keep your make-up smooth and matt for hours, and give you confidence that, whatever happens, you'll always be looking your best.

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three generations

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P4

Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

so everything had to go in, from compelling firsthand experience. Kaleidoscopic backstage life in scores of cities, with war, the great dissolver, for climax. How many times have you said: *I'd like to know what it's like to live that sort of life?* Now you know, in 350 pages of nonstop narrative as panoramic as Frith's *Derby Day*.

MAURICE TROY travelled to more secret purpose in Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's **"Ladies Gay"** (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). In London, Paris, Durban, Delhi, Buenos Aires he had love affairs, each the distinctive flower of time and place, and this is the frank, fragrant, or not-so-fragrant story of them. Lucky Troy, to find rings on his fingers and belles on his toes wherever he goes, when we who dream of amorous odysseys through lands of palm, oleander and hibiscus may only "frat" *en famille* at Blackpool, Skegness, or Southend. . . .

TROY'S feminine counterpart would be, I suppose, Mr. Eric Baume's **"Mercia Wade"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.), a self-willed young woman who is always saying, "I love you very much and I'll always be with you" to each in turn. She said it to husband John. Early in the story, on a sea voyage, she's saying it to young Doc. Ames after a chance meeting, then telling poor John that she's just said it, so to speak, in bed. Later on she's saying it to someone else because "She loved him. But there were hundreds she could love without sacrificing the memory of him. She was that kind of woman. All woman." The *all* may be a little overproof, Mr. Baume, but I get your meaning; so will most women readers who've dreamed of being merry Mercias—and then sighed and gone dutifully to the fish queue instead. If novel-reading is wish-fulfilment—harmlessly, by proxy—they'll like Mercia somewhat, as they did Amber, the shocking little so-and-so.

HENRI BEYLE, the French novelist "Stendhal," comes in at this point not inaptly, for he had many love affairs—one or two, even, immediately after the death of his adored Métilde Viscontini, who wrought the greatest influence on his life and work. In a bio-novel which evokes vividly the man and his age—**"Three Colours of Time"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) translated by Mr. Gerard Shelley—Anatoli Vinogradov covers a fateful period of his career, beginning with his Vilna escape during Napoleon's Moscow retreat. "Stendhal" not only romanced on paper; he lived adventurously in a turbulent epoch, and that makes his story intensely dramatic.

A YOUNG farmer's wife who carries the whole burden of the farm while her man is away serving is likely to feel a little out of joint when he eventually returns to changed conditions. That is Phoebe Carpenter's problem in Mr. A. G. Street's **"Hold-Fast"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.), a novel which shows the remoulding of the countryside and its people under the plough of war. Mr. Street writes from the soil, with both feet firmly in it, driving a straight furrow through a simple, honest theme.

U.S. novelists like to pose their heroes between the old and new, the simple and sophisticated. In Mr. James Bray's **"Vagabond Path"** (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.) Michael Fontaine's father had been lone Indian agent and eaten beaver tails, musk rat, bear paws, fricasseed skunk—"And in season there's no offensive odour." But Michael, branching off from the primitive by way of college, becomes a writer, finds the artificial life of city and theatre, and has to choose between modest hometown girl and glamorous young actress and the enchantment of her love. The book editor of *Chicago Daily News* makes of this a very human, likeable story.

HOW long has Miss I. A. R. Wylie been writing? I read stories by her in the magazines of my youth, and her latest collection, **"Storm in April"** (Cassell, 9s.) seems as good as ever, especially in the title-story, a study of young love in war. Among literary awards there should be one for writers who do a particular job well and go on doing it at standard pitch for a whole lifetime. Like the medieval master-guildsmen, they honour their craft; we should salute them instead of taking them for granted. Only those who have written consistently for years know the temptations to slacken and wander off among the drowsy poppies and asphodel. . . .

HERE is a list of books which will pay the attention of readers :—

NOVELS

"The Egg And I," by Betty Macdonald (Hammond and Hammond, 10s. 6d.). **"The Knight and the Castle,"** by John Newton Chance (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). **"As the Narcissus,"** by Rosalind Wade (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). **"The Life Sentence,"** by H. C. Bailey (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). **"The Comfort Tree,"** by Stella M. Currey (Selwyn & Blount, 9s. 6d.). **"Dark,"** by Dorothea Conyers (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"The Silver Hand,"** by Mark Torry (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.). **"Short Leash,"** by Bertrand Shurtleff (Hurst & Blackett, 9s.). **"Path to the Stars,"** by Dorothy B. Upson (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Master of Evil,"** by Harman Long (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.). **"Vertigo,"** by Elizabeth Echlin (Hodge, 10s. 6d.). **"Future Imperfect,"** by Bridget Chetwynd (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Fixed as the Stars,"** by Vicky Lancaster (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). **"Revolt of the Saints,"** by Ernest Sommer (Alliance, 8s. 6d.). **"The Broken Circle,"** by Joy Langton (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"Blind Mice,"** by Eve Orme (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.). **"All for You,"** by Denise Robins (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.). **"The Story of Andria,"** by J. Delves Broughton (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"Kimmie,"** by John Paddy Carstairs (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.).

FOR THE CHILDREN

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